

The Ypsilantian

NINTH YEAR.

YPSILANTI, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, MARCH 8, 1888.

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The Ypsilantian.

OBITUARY.

MRS. MARY ANN POST.

Died, at Ypsilanti, Mich., Feb. 20, 1888, Mrs. Mary Ann Post, wife of the late William Rollo Post, in the 85th year of her age. Mrs. Post was the oldest child of Ariovistus and Eliza Platt Pardee, and was born at Stephentown, Van Rensselaer Co., N. Y., Aug. 5, 1803. She was married Dec. 21, 1826, and spent the first six years of her wedded life among the rocky hills of her native town. In 1833 her own family, together with her father's and her sister's left the home of their childhood for Michigan Territory, the then far west. After a journey of two weeks by canal, steamboat and wagon they arrived, on a lovely June morning, on the outskirts of Ypsilanti. As the train of immigrant wagons filed over the hill on the east bank of the Huron the last rays of the setting sun fell on the little village, and to use her own words, "the sight was like Eden—a little Paradise." Here the remainder of her life work was accomplished.

Home was pre-eminently her sphere, and in it she was the guiding spirit, her vigorous character molding and shaping the lives of those who came under her influence. Her children will ever remember her as a faithful wife, a devoted and self-sacrificing mother. Next to the love of home was her love of country. Inheriting the patriotism of her revolutionary ancestors, she ever maintained the liveliest interest in her country's welfare. She was also a person of strong religious feeling. We find in her diary of May 23, 1823, the following: "I have to-day publicly espoused the cause of Christ in baptism. Myself with two others were admitted to the Lord's supper. May God make both them and me instruments of doing much good, and burning and shining lights in the church." Thus at the age of 20 was this young woman received into the congregation of Christ's flock, and for many long years did she continue Christ's faithful soldier and servant, even unto her life's end. Upon removing to Ypsilanti, she with her husband united with the Presbyterian church of this place, a weak little band, under the leadership of the Rev. I. M. Weed, whose faithful ministry will never be forgotten in this community. During her connection with this church, her zeal for the Master was fully attested by her loving service in his cause. Although home duties claimed a large part of her time, church duties were not neglected. There may still remain some who will remember her, in the early days, as Sunday School teacher, tract distributor, a member of the village choir, and a constant attendant on the weekly prayer meetings and other church services. In 1848 she and her husband severed their connection with this church, and, during the rectorship of the Rev. J. A. Wilson were confirmed in the Episcopal church. Although during her early life a staunch Presbyterian, she soon became ardently attached to her new church home, and for the remaining 39 years of her life, was an earnest, devout Episcopalian.

A long and useful life is ended. She has joined in the church triumphant, her beloved husband, by whose side she walked for 61 years. She was folded in a robe of creamy white, the seven mystical lilies on her breast, and the cross at her feet. The lines of age and suffering had passed away and all was rest and peace. The beautiful burial service was performed at St. Luke's church, by her rector, the Rev. T. W. MacLean, and she was borne to her last resting place in Highland Cemetery.

My DEAR FRIEND: I know full well your loneliness and sorrow, for these must come when the nearest and dearest of our friends are taken from us.

But I do not like to look at death from "this side." I love to look at it from "the other side" and then we see it is not death but life.

I love to remember your dear mother as I last saw her in her casket with the white robe folded so softly about her and the pure, white flowers upon her heart. How peaceful she looked! After all the burdens of a long life, her hands were folded in perfect rest. I doubt not her eyes, closed to the scenes of earth, were beholding Him whom her soul loved, and we caught the reflection of His "peace." I love to think of her reunion with the dear ones of her own family and with the friends of long ago.

My thoughts have been busy with the past since she went away. I have recalled the early friends of my father and mother, so few of whom are left! Very vividly have come back to me the early days of the church here, the Presbyterian church, of which your father and mother were then such active members. Not long since my pastor said, "Brother Weed's footprints are seen all through the country around." "Yes," replied another, "Not in your church alone but in mine also." It was a blessed testimony to the power of a consecrated life. But I have thought that with these footprints were blended others, those of a spiritual church, and, especially, a body of elders, of whom your father was one, who upheld the young pastor by their sympathy, their cooperation and their prayers. Their names will live in the hearts of this people.

The last time I saw your mother, only a few weeks since, she spoke of those early days and her love for her pastor with all the bright enthusiasm youth.

There was much to contend with in a new place, but Christians presented a united front against a common enemy. The type of piety was not superficial; it was deep heart work. With your mother's ardent nature and devotion to duty, her deep conviction of sin and joyful experience of sin forgiven she could not but be active in the Master's service. I remember her well as a member of the choir and a teacher in the Sabbath school, as a constant attendant upon all the services of the sanctuary, both on the Sabbath and during the week, and these services were not few. The Sabbath routine was: A sermon in the morning followed by the Sabbath school. Almost immediately after, the afternoon sermon, and a sermon in the evening preceded by a prayer meeting. Certainly not a day of rest to pastor or people. In times of special religious interest I distinctly remember the daily prayer meeting held before daylight, which Mr. and Mrs. Post, I doubt not, uniformly attended. I remember also the meetings of Presbytery when father, mother and children spread their beds upon the floor that their guests might be accommodated. And, with the added home cares, the meetings were not neglected. Those were strong Christians who counted sacrifices sweet for Christ's sake.

Mrs. Post helped to sustain the "female prayer meeting" and especially delighted in the "maternal meeting." Is it not pleasant to think that even now there are unanswered prayers laid up for us. Those were the days of tract distribution and your mother's district embraced the east side of the river. We can imagine that, with the cares of her family, it was with self denial that she accomplished this work every month. Active in every good work she helped to lay the foundation of morality and pure religion in this community. We all knew of the years of patient, cheerful, lovely waiting when there was no longer strength for active service, and who shall say that these were not the most faithful of her life?

She was found ready when the Master called and has entered into the joy of the Lord. C. S. W.

Rebecca Cutler was born in the township of Lima, Livingston Co., State of New York, April 25, 1817. She was married to Daniel Pierce Oct. 1, 1834. They came to Michigan in the fall of 1839. During the 54 years of her married life, 49 years have been spent in Michigan, and about 39 years in the township of Ypsilanti, where she died on Thursday, March 1. Six children were born to them, four of whom are now living, and all of whom were present when she died and at the funeral. She was a loving wife, a tender mother, a sympathizing neighbor, and won for herself many friends. Her funeral was largely attended. The services were conducted by Rev. A. Whitcomb, of Ypsilanti. The scripture lesson was the 14th chapter of Job; and the text the 22d verse of the 16th chapter. Hymns appropriate to the occasion were rendered by members of the choir of the M. E. Church of Ypsilanti. She will be sadly missed by all who knew her.

Rest for the toiling hand,
Rest for the anxious brow,
Rest for the weary, way-sore feet,
Rest from all labor now.

Dearest mother! how hast thou left us.
How thy loss we deeply feel;
And peacefully he sleeps,
But 'tis God that hath bereft us,
He can all our sorrows heal,
Are words appropriate to the departed.

Died, in this city, Feb. 29, of inflammation of the lungs, Frankie E., only child of Frank Z. and Mary Brown, aged 5 years, 4 months, and 22 days.

Dear little Frankie has gone to rest,
And peacefully he sleeps,
While mamma and papa are left alone,
And for him they sadly weep.

Still we know he is better there
Than those who are left behind,
For Jesus loves his little ones,
And to them he is never unkind. E. V.

Mrs. Howard, wife of John Howard of this city, roadmaster on the Central, died last Tuesday morning, at Ann Arbor, where she had gone for treatment. The funeral occurred at St. John's Church this morning, and the remains were taken to Grand Rapids for burial.

Mrs. Nathan Keith, of Dexter, died Wednesday morning of pneumonia. She was the mother of Mrs. Eugene E. Beal and sister of Geo. H. and Miss Abbie Pond, of this city.—Argus.

Philander Chandler died at his home in Pittsfield, last Thursday, of heart disease, aged 50 years.

Farmers, Attention!

Early Ohio seed potatoes for sale at No. 5 Congress St. by A. A. Graves the grocer.

Another lot of those stamped pillow shams, 25 cts. a pair, will be received at the Bazarette in a few days.

Comstock & Co. sell, for 25 cts., hosiery that they guarantee fast black.

Pickled pork, hocks and lambs' tongues for sale at A. A. Graves.

Next week Comstock & Co. will offer some grand bargains in colored silks.

Finest Sublime Lucca Olive Oil for sale by A. A. Graves.

Comstock & Co. have now in the largest line of carpets they have ever carried.

Japanese fans for decorating at house-cleaning time, can be found at the Bazarette.

Anyone wishing to engage the professional services of Miss Betsey Gates, will call on Mrs. P. W. Carpenter, south Washington St.

Miss Julia Marlowe.

A rare treat was granted those who gathered Saturday evening, at the opera house, where Miss Julia Marlowe, the beautiful American actress, who has won so many tributes from the metropolitan press, presented her dainty impersonation of Parthenia.

Miss Marlowe's stage appearance is engaging and wholly free from affectation. Her every movement is graceful and natural. She possesses a self-contained calmness, poise and womanly dignity, remarkable in one who has had but two months of stage experience. Her face lighted up by great dark eyes, is mobile, and, with a little longer practice will be wondrously expressive. A New York paper said of her: "She has a lively and incisive intelligence, a sufficient mobility and vigor of poise and gesture, and a refined charm of individuality;" to this we may add, and a very winsome girlish purity and daintiness. For a girl of 19, she evinces great talent. The tenderness, the exquisite grace, the spiritual quality of her impersonation, and the freedom from elocutionary rant, have an irresistible charm. In the girlish and comedy parts of "Ingomar," she is delightful, but falls a trifle short—perhaps because of her youth—in the portrayal of passion. When, in her delight at seeing her father, she runs off the stage to meet him, she does so with almost child-like abandon. As for love, we can readily believe her when, as Parthenia, she describes love, and adds: "that's what my mother says. I never felt it." In all the love scenes, she apparently regards Ingomar as something to fondle and pet. Her love is a girl's love, delicate and "calm as the stars." She looks at him with amused condescension, sorrowful reproach or playful fondness, but never with the deep passion of Juliet.

Miss Marlowe's fall, particularly in the "Lady of Lyons"—is said to be the most artistic and graceful known on the stage to-day. Certainly her fall in Ingomar is the very embodiment of grace and despair.

As to the support, Mr. Humphrey, as the barbarian Ingomar, with a beard, does very well, except for a tendency to rant occasionally; but as a Greek, he seems to be a self-conscious boy, not Ingomar; and suffers much by comparison with the handsome fisherman, Lykon, (Mr. Gaston). Polydor and Alastor were well portrayed. Actaea and Myron improved greatly in the last act.

Miss Marlowe and Mr. Humphrey were called before the curtain at the close of the third act.

We hope that next season we may be favored by Miss Marlowe with one of her best impersonations—Pauline, the "Lady of Lyons," or Viola in "Twelfth Night." If she does come we can assure her a full house and a cordial welcome.

C. L. S. C. Entertainment.

The members of several of the "Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circles" and their friends, of this city and vicinity met in joint session on last Friday evening, in the parlors of the Methodist church, the principal object being to listen to an address by Mr. J. M. Hall, Superintendent of the C. L. S. C. of Michigan. In spite of the stormy weather the rooms were comfortably filled by 8 o'clock, when the exercises began. Prof. J. C. McClellan presided over the meeting. After an opening prayer by the Rev. Mr. Venning, Mr. McClellan addressed the assembly in a very appropriate and apt speech, briefly mentioning the great work that is being accomplished by this grand institution, whose influences are now being felt in nearly every civilized land.

Mr. Hall was then introduced and gave an excellent address. He confined his remarks chiefly to the work that is being done in this state by its 275 different circles and nearly 5000 members. At the close of his remarks he exhibited some photographs of Bay View, the seat of the Michigan Assembly, and the most beautiful place in the country for a summer gathering. He invited all the members to meet him there during the summer session next August.

Mrs. Bassett of the Ypsilanti circle, Mrs. Ellsworth of the Pittsfield circle and Miss Jennie Walton of the Prospect and Vincent circles, gave pleasant reminiscences indicating the progress of different circles since their inception. Thanks are due to Prof. and Mrs. Pease, Prof. Brooks, Mr. Stebbins, Miss Barr, Miss Hendricks and Mrs. Yerkes, for the very excellent music furnished.

Greetings were received from one or two of the other circles and regrets at their absence.

Mr. Hall closed the exercises with a beautiful illustration of the C. L. S. C. resper service, after which a very pleasant hour was spent in a social way. Refreshments were served to all present. The whole occasion was one of the most pleasant and enjoyable that could be desired. Long live the noble C. L. S. C. and may its usefulness increase until the "ends of the earth" shall know its benefits.

The usual fine line of Easter Booklets, cards etc., will be found again at the Bazarette.

You will find Tamarinds for sale at A. A. Graves.

Teachers will find a complete line of reward cards etc., at the Bazarette.

Snowflake sugar corn only found at No. 5 Congress St., and sold by A. A. Graves.

The greatest bargain—aisle thread jersey vest for 55 cents at Comstock & Co.'s

Anglo-Swiss condensed milk for sale by A. A. Graves.

FIFTY YEARS AGO.

In the summer of 1840, being 17 years old and having taught a district school the previous winter whereby I had a small amount of money I could call mine, I persuaded my parents to let me accompany an older brother and his brother-in-law who were coming to Michigan to visit relatives and look up some land of which there was plenty for sale by the U. S. government. My home was in Macedon, fourteen miles east of Rochester, N. Y., at which latter place we took passage on a canal boat for Buffalo. This was a common way of traveling at that time, the fare being two cents a mile, board and lodging included. The time made was fifty miles a day. We could have taken a packet boat which would have made 75 or perhaps 100 miles a day but this would have been a good deal more expensive and money was worth more to us than time. This was my first experience of riding any distance on a canal boat and especially of sleeping in one over night. We then were only passengers and I retired somewhat early while Mr. Mallory, my brother's brother-in-law, engaged in writing and sat up quite late. In the morning I noticed that I was lying on top of the quilt in my berth but thought nothing more of it until Mr. Mallory asked me what I was doing up in the night. I replied that I was not up. He said "yes you were, you got up and crawled down from your berth and came and stood where I was writing for a few seconds, eyes wide open, then passed on towards the ladies' cabin and I asked you where you were going, and you said, 'in here,' and raising the curtain stood inside a little while, and then turned and went back to your berth." A case of somnambulism.

But to return to my trip, we arrived at Buffalo in two days and immediately began to look about for a passage up the lake to Toledo. The fare for a cabin passage was \$8, and for a deck passage was \$3. The cabin passage included board and lodging, the deck a board berth and no board. We soon learned that there was a combination among the steamers in regard to prices but that there was one steamer, the Star, had backed out of the combination and was running independently. Her cabin fare was \$3. Against her the combination had pitted the Gen. Scott which was to carry at the same rates as the Star. We took a cabin passage on the Gen. Scott, and having got our baggage on board and paid the fare, we inquired when they would leave and the answer was, "when the sun does." This was early in the afternoon and about four o'clock the Star began to fire up and so did the Scott and of course all the passengers hustled aboard. By and by both boats were under full head of steam and we were expecting to be off very soon, when the Star put out her fires and the Scott did likewise and all was quiet on the Potomac. However we had our supper, lodging and breakfast and were ready for the next day. There was only draw-back, we dare not get out of sight of the boat. About nine o'clock the next morning the Star fired up again and so did the Scott, and this time we left the harbor and soon were making fast progress up the lake following close in the wake of the Star. The lake was a little rough but being out on deck where I could see all that was going on it did not affect me any. I had a boy's appetite in those days, and kept my eye on the steward and saw that we were to have green peas and roast mutton which were favorite dishes with me. When the dinner bell rang I was not long in responding. In those days the cabin was clear in the bottom of the boat and here was where the table was set. As I entered the cabin I could smell the bilge water which was very offensive, but then I could also smell the green peas and roast mutton which, being very pleasant, counteracted in some degree the unsavory smell of the other. Being seated at the table I began to have a new experience. First the opposite side of the table arose and paid its compliments to me while I correspondingly descended and then I involuntarily arose and paid my compliments to the other side of the table, a kind of politeness to which I was unaccustomed. Suffice it to say that I could have stood these things very well but they were continued ad nauseum. So that I best a hasty retreat up on deck where the lake breeze was much more pleasant than the fragrance of green peas. I was not alone in this by any means, since most of the passengers proved to be cowards by failing to attack the magnificent dinner set before them on them at that occasion. About this time the Star wheeled about and started back for Buffalo and the Scott of course followed. For reasons not necessary to explain I had not noticed this turn about and by and by perceived we were approaching a large city, which greatly surprised me as I had never seen on the map so large a town so near Buffalo. My inquiries brought a big laugh at my expense. Arrived in Buffalo we tied up for the afternoon and night. The next morning we put to sea again. The Star having broken some part of her machinery put into Silver Creek to make repairs, we continued on to Toledo putting into every port along the route so that we were two days making the journey. From Toledo to Adrian, 88 miles, there was a rail road, the cars making one trip a day, going up in the morning and returning in the afternoon, so we stopped at a hotel for the night. Toledo was then a desolate and forbidding looking place. The most of it

was on what is now called Summit Street, and back of that was a great marsh, now filled up and built upon. There was a great deal said in those days about the unhealthiness of the place and in confirmation of this one of the guests, a humorous fellow, inquired the way to a friend of his a few miles out. The Landlord told him to go some blocks and then turning to the left keep the main traveled road. The man went out and in a little while returned and said he did as directed and soon found himself in the graveyard.

In the morning we took the cars for Adrian my first experience in riding on a rail road. The track was strap iron and the cars in compartments with seats running crosswise and facing each other, there being room for about ten passengers in each compartment. The whole car, however, was open above the seats. The fare was \$1.50. After going a short distance we stopped and some of the hands went forward to spike down a snake-head. This was what the end of a rail sticking up was called, when the spike had been broken or drawn out. These stops were quite frequent so that it took us four or five hours to reach Adrian.

S. L. RAMSDALL.

LIGHT AFFLICTIONS.

Mr. Venning, the pastor, being sick, the M. E. pulpit was occupied Sunday by Rev. Mr. Berry of Detroit, associate editor of the Michigan Christian Advocate. He took his subject from the second epistle to the Corinthians, 4: 17—"For our light afflictions, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." The church at Corinth was the first church. It flourished for a time and was very prosperous; then dissension arose among the people. Some said that as Paul was not a chosen apostle, he had no right to do apostolic work, others favored him because he was of their party. Paul was persecuted and opposed and cast into prison. How, then, did he come to write this epistle concerning "light afflictions," to the church in Corinth, which had treated him so badly? We judge the size of a building by comparing it with other buildings, great or small; we judge of the quality of anything by comparing it with other things of better or poorer quality. So it was with Paul: he compared his afflictions and persecutions with the reward of his Christian services. He may have made him a giant pair of golden scales. On one side he piled his afflictions and troubles, one by one, until they had reached an alarming size. Was it possible that he had borne all these afflictions? Nothing! He put a girdle around his arms; it made it strong. He stretched it out; it was long. He went on until he came to a river whose black waters rushed swiftly by, until he stood at the very edge; the waves touched his feet. Then he stretched his long and strong arm out over the black water until it penetrated the mist and cloud which lies between the earthly and heavenly kingdom, and touched the veil which hides from our sight the beauties of the better world. With his strong arm he grasped the veil and tore it from its place; and what scenes he beheld! Scenes unlawful for mortal man to behold and which no one could describe or paint. He seized an object and brought it to the earth. He placed it on the empty side of the golden scales. It was the "Weight of Glory." The heavy pile of troubles and afflictions flew up as if by magic, light as a feather compared with the "Weight of Glory." Like Paul, we should look on the heavenly side of our troubles, and see how much greater our Weight of Glory is for having had these troubles. The earthly side looks dark and cold but the heavenly side is full of light and comfort.

Liquor Sellers Must Respect the Law.

It may be thought by some that the wet majority in the late election in this county is an indication that the people are satisfied to let the business of liquor selling go on as it has done in the past. Should there be any of such mind, it is well that they should be advised to the contrary and that, rightspeedily. Many of our citizens voted wet in the firm conviction that the evils of the business can be better controlled by stringent tax laws, and are as much outraged at the defiant attitude of the liquor sellers as those who voted dry. In no mild terms have they expressed a determination that liquor sellers shall be law abiding citizens, the same as other business men, and are willing to accept membership on a committee of citizens to see that they are made to respect the law and obey it. We speak thereof we know, and Ypsilanti can do no better thing than to appoint such a committee from our responsible and law-loving citizens, with instructions to apply vigorous measures to correct the wrongs done to society by the willful disregard of the wholesome regulations which the law imposes. Let a committee be appointed by all means. There should be no privileged class among us who are allowed to violate law and induce disorder in the community with impunity.

Dried fruits in great variety. For sale by A. A. Graves, the grocer.

A beautiful line of Smyrna, Surak and fancy silks will soon be in from New York and ladies wishing first choice must keep an eye on the Bazarette.

Try Riverside tomatoes. Sold by A. A. Graves.

There is at present a great demand for rubber boots, etc.—Cause it's so wet in this county.—Ann Arbor Courier.

That Treaty.
"Will you sign my little treaty?"
Says Miss C. to Uncle S.:
"Tis the cutest little treaty
All the diplomats confess:
Will you sign my little treaty?
Will you sign it, Uncle S.?"
"Now if that don't beat the dickens!"
Uncle S. he did reply:
"Pray Miss C., did you discover
Something verdant in my eye?
You have spun your little treaty,
Don't you wish 't would catch the fly?"

Duties Specific and Ad Valorem.
A specific duty is a definite sum levied on a given article without regard to the value of the article, so much per pound or yard or any other quantity named. The duty on butter is 4 cents per pound, specific, and it matters not whether the butter is worth 10 or 20 cents per pound.

Ad valorem duty is so much per cent. of the value of the article, and of course the amount of duty will vary with the price of the article. The duty on India rubber boots is 25 per cent., and if the boots are worth \$4, the duty will be one dollar; if the boots are worth \$3, the duty will be 50 cents.

In the case of ad valorem duties, the custom officer must know the value of the goods and as this knowledge is often difficult to obtain, these duties are very fertile in frauds on the government, by undervaluation. Specific duties are much more simple of collection, as all that is necessary is to weigh or measure the article and collect the requisite amount. On some articles there is both a specific and an ad valorem duty, notably woolen goods. Certain flannel blankets, for instance pay a specific duty of 10 cents per pound and in addition to this, an ad valorem duty of 35 per cent. In most of these cases, the "reform" tariff bill now before Congress, strikes off the specific duty and retains the ad valorem duty, sometimes increasing it and thus opens a wide door to fraud by undervaluation. By retaining the specific duty no such undervaluation could serve any purpose, and the government could not be defrauded, still that would not be "reform" in the free trade sense. The above is written by request of one of our patrons and we trust it will be satisfactory.

Miss Madder.

This charming and talented young actress who created such a furore in the northwest recently will be at the opera house on Saturday evening. All who saw her last season remember that it was one of the most delightful performances we have ever had in the opera house. She will present on Saturday evening her great Lyceum Theatre success, "In Spite of All." It was in this play that Miss Madder achieved her grandest artistic success at New York's most fashionable and representative play house, and is by far the best thing she has ever done. Her company is one of the best traveling, and that we shall be given one of the rarest treats of the year is beyond a question. Ypsilanti Opera House, Saturday, March 10th.

Normal Items.

Prof. Munson and Miss Matie Day, of the Centerville schools, visited us Friday. Misses Pullen and Bullard have left school, having, it is said, completed their course.

Miss DeCille has recovered and returned to school.

Geo. Fowler, '87, was seen at chapel, Wednesday.

Mr. Clapp, President of the Adelphe society, has left school and accepted a position in Detroit.

The election of officers for the senior class resulted as follows: President, Miss Ida Wall; Vice President, Kate Whitte; Secretary, Miss Phelps; Treasurer, Ruth Putnam; Executive Committee, Misses Cook, Shattuck and Wood.

The result has excited much comment. Woman Suffrage will probably be at a discount among the gentlemen hereafter.

To the Ladies.

All desiring to learn the art of cutting and fitting of dresses etc. by one of the simplest and most reliable systems now in use, The Combination Tailor System, should call during this month at rooms over Mrs. Lowe, No. 40 Adams St. For further information and prices call on or write Mrs. M. A. Utley, dressmaker.

A Request to Settle.

All persons indebted to the late firm of Barnum & Earl are requested to call and settle their accounts. All accounts to be settled with F. H. Barnum, No. 27 Congress St. BARNUM & EARL.

Odd Fellows Attention.

Special meeting this Thursday evening, March 8, to arrange for funeral of Bro. John Haggett, which will take place Saturday, March 10, at 10 o'clock.

FRED L. THOMPSON,
Noble Grand.

Found.

A lady's muff. Call at Central drug store.

For Sale at a Bargain.

A fine guitar. FRED S. DAVIS.

At the Tuesday afternoon rehearsal of the Sappho Club, March 6, a vote of thanks was tendered Mrs. Joseph Miller and Mrs. J. P. Sanders for their elaborate and artistic arrangement of stage decorations upon the occasion of the recent concert given by the Club in the Opera House.

Mrs. D'Ooge,
Miss CURTIS,
Mrs. WATLING.

New hair pins in the latest styles of rhine stone, shell, amber etc., at the Bazarette.

Personal.

The Hon. Burton Parker, ex-member of the Legislature and well-known lawyer has removed with his family from Monroe to California and will make his home at San Diego.—Tribune.

Mr. Z. Burr of Jessup, Neb., brother-in-law of Mr. Edmund Hendricks of this city, made a very pleasant call at our office, Monday of this week. He expects to remain with friends here a few days and then take a run southward before returning to his home in Nebraska. He reports last season as an unfavorable one for the farmers in his locality. The season was very dry and much of the grain was cut for feed before it was ripe. The corn crop was good. They find it more profitable to feed it to stock and then sell the stock, than to sell the corn at from 10 to 15 cents per bushel.

Mrs. Samuel Robbins spent Saturday and Sunday in Detroit.

C. F. Comstock is in New York sending out here the latest styles in dress goods. Miss Laura Pullin will hereafter be found in the employ of E. M. Comstock & Co.

Miss Matie Day, of Hudson, was visiting here last week.

Our highly esteemed friend, Mr. Oliver Loomis, of this city started yesterday morning Grand Rapids way, and if there are not two of him on his return, it will be because there is no dependence to be placed on current rumors.

As we go to press we learn that Mr. Loomis was united in marriage to Miss Maggie Werneken, March 7th at the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. Robinson, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Mr. Samuel Barnard of this city entertained fifty or sixty of his gentlemen friends at his home last Thursday evening March 1st. It is understood that most of the time was spent in the study of the fine arts, there being present a large number of pictures of great attractiveness, kings, queens, diamonds, clover leaves, and all such. The substantial of the occasion were of rare excellence and liberally dispensed.

Lyman Kehler of the University is working in the High School Laboratory for a few days.

The High School class in Cicero and Greek recite to Prof. Hopkins at his residence this week.

Miss Edith Lee, of Detroit, is spending a few days with Mrs. E. B. Drury.

The Davis Children's Band was the attraction at the Business College reception Saturday evening.

McCullough Bros. are at present engaged in casting columns and seat standards for the new Business College.

The Young People's Mission of the Presbyterian church held a social Tuesday evening at the residence of C. S. Wortley. A good time and a good program is reported.

The LeSeur schools having been closed on account of scarlet fever, Prof. and Mrs. G. B. Hodge surprised their relatives and friends by their unexpected arrival here late last evening.

Mrs. J. N. Wallace entertained a few of her friends Tuesday evening, at tea, and for an hour after the young people discoursed delightful music very much to the delight of her guests.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Fehlig of Wyandotte spent Sunday with Mrs. Fehlig's parents Mr. and Mrs. John Schrader; and Mrs. C. H. Berk of Chicago spent a few days with Mrs. Schrader.

Next entertainment, lecture, March 19, Rev. John DeWitt Miller, at Normal Hall. This is an extra, and season ticket holders will be charged 15cts. Non-ticket holders, 50cts.

The Kellogg Concert has been postponed to April 10, owing to illness of Miss Kellogg.

Mere Mention.

Ypsilanti is a city of paradoxes. Her King is a democrat; her Glover makes dress stays; her Taylor deals in hardware; her Batchelders are married men; her Parsons follow secular pursuits. Her Batwell is not a ball player, her Champion is not a booster, nor is her Samson an athlete.

Mrs. Prof. Lodeman and daughter, Hilda, start to-night for a year's stay in Germany.

Mrs. S. C. Curry of Milwaukee is visiting her brother H. L. Stoup.

It doesn't pay to break a contract. Robson and Crane were booked to play "The Henrietta" at Detroit last week. They cancelled their engagement on the ground that New York paid them better; and last Tuesday the Union Square theatre burned with all their costumes and scenery. "The Detroit" is still doing business.

The ladies society of the M. E. church will hold a social at the residence of J. N. Wallace, Tuesday evening, March 13th. All are cordially invited.

Owing to the confusion in our office for two weeks, we forgot to mention the dissolution of partnership of Messrs. Barnum and Earl, a firm, which, by attention to business and fair dealing, had gained the confidence and respect of the community to an unusual degree. Mr. Earl removes to Rodney, Mecosta Co., Mich. We are glad to announce that Mr. Barnum will continue business at the old stand where he will be glad to meet his customers both old and new.

The University meets with a great loss in the death of Prof. Byron W. Cheever, who died at Ann Arbor on the 6th inst., of typhoid fever. He was a graduate of the literary department in the class of 1859, and after graduating in Law and Medicine, entered the University as Professor in 1878. He was brother of Judge Cheever of Ann Arbor and H. M. Cheever, of this city.

STATE NEWS.

A Resume of the Principal Items of News in Three Great States.

ILLINOIS.

—Two freight cars collided at Elgin, and some live stock killed.

—Harold Gray, 7-year-old boy, was drowned at Rockford, by falling through the ice.

—Mr. and Mrs. Abraham Funk, of Cerro Gordo, celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their wedding on Wednesday.

—A. H. Harrison, a prominent merchant of Clayton, committed suicide by hanging. Business trouble was the cause.

—Mayor McLean, of Hillsboro, raised over \$100 which was at once forwarded to the proper authorities at Mount Vernon.

—August Schlitz, a young man of Rush, was run over and killed while attempting to board an Illinois Central freight train.

—Washington's Birthday was celebrated at Mansfield, by General Mansfield G. A. R. Post with a grand camp-fire and supper.

—Near Tokopa, John W. Hummel, a wealthy farmer, fell into a tank used by him for watering his cattle, and was drowned.

—Jasper Sikes was arrested in Lake County, to answer to the charge of selling several stacks of hay in Dane County, Wisconsin, which he did not own.

—The Mayor has issued a proclamation calling upon the citizens of Rock Island, to subscribe as far as possible to the aid of the sufferers of the Mt. Vernon cyclone.

—It is reported from Springfield that efforts are being made to secure a special meeting of the Legislature for the purpose of voting relief to the cyclone sufferers at Mt. Vernon.

—The dead body of a man supposed to be a tramp was found near Vandalia, half buried in the mud. The flesh was all eaten away from the face and the body could not be identified.

—Miss Martha Hillard, Principal of the Rockford Seminary, has tendered her resignation, to take effect in June. She is to be married to A. McLeish, of Charles Gossage & Co., Chicago.

—The largest house in the United States is owned by Mark Thode, of Mattoon. He is only three years old, measures nineteen hands high, has gained 250 pounds in the last five weeks, and is still growing.

—Abraham Lincoln's sister-in-law, Mrs. Elizabeth Edwards, of Springfield, the wife of the Hon. Julian B. Edwards, and daughter of Robert Todd, of Lexington, Ky., aged 74, died of apoplexy Wednesday as she was starting to go down street.

—Mathias Killian died at his home eight miles east of Bloomington. He was aged 84, was the father of twenty-one children and had been a member of the United Brethren Church sixty years.

—Business men of Shelbyville, considered plans for the construction of a line from Shelbyville and Sullivan to Arcola, for which they have assurances of the co-operation of one of the roads into Chicago.

—Early one evening a loud noise started the people of Monmouth, and many of them got out in time. A motor passing through the heavens in a northwesterly direction. During its short but rapid progress through the air the city was brilliantly lighted.

—A meeting has been called at Galesburg, for March 16 and 17 of the Central Illinois Teachers' Association. All departmental grades of the public schools of the State will receive attention. Messrs. Bateman, Edwards, Forbes, Cook and Holt will address the meeting.

—James Dueson, the colored man who struck Isaiah Brown on the head with a loaded whip last August, was found guilty of murder and sentenced to the State penitentiary at Joliet. At the time of the killing the men were at work together, when they got into a quarrel.

—Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Turner, of Auburn, gave a reception to a large number of their friends and relatives of Mrs. Turner's father, Mr. George W. Wagoner, who was born Feb. 28, 1796, in Maryland, and named for and by Gen. Washington himself. Mr. Wimmer came to Illinois in 1819.

—Miss Nina Van Zandt, of Mrs. August Spies, as the case may be, is the guest of the family of Carl Zwanitz, editor of a German paper in Ottawa. She went there to recover from the nervous prostration caused by the execution of Spies and his anarchist friends.

—J. H. Beidler, of Mount Pulaski, sent President Cleveland an original poem written in honor of Washington, Lincoln, and Cleveland, printed on silk trimmed with velvet, and mounted upon a book made from the head-board of a bed occupied by Lincoln while in Mount Pulaski many years ago.

—The historic tabernacle building, which was built during the temperance excitement in Decatur from 1877 to 1879 with money contributed by the friends of prohibition, was sold for \$1,000. It is to be converted into an undertaking establishment and will have a livery stable attached. Of late years the tabernacle has been used as a place of amusement, but it has proven an unprofitable investment and ex-Mayor Priest sold it.

MICHIGAN.

—Ex-Sheriff John Whitcomb, of Batavia, Branch county, has been stricken with paralysis.

—A shingle mill near Belleville, owned by Henry Blair, was destroyed by fire. Loss, \$2,100; insured for \$600.

—E. A. Bookbinder, of Niles, shot himself in an alley at Southfield, Ind., and, if he recovers, will lose his sight.

—Charles Woods, a widower, aged 41 years, was arrested at Alma, for attempting to assault his daughter, aged 13.

—George Brannon, of Cheshire, Allegan county, who was General Grant's orderly for a time, is trying to get a pension, but has so far failed.

—Typhoid fever, which has prevailed at the State Industrial Home for Girls at Adrian, is abating. There have been twelve cases, three fatal.

—Mary A. Howard, cook at the Olivet College, was brought to the home of friends at Adrian, suffering from dementia, attributed to overwork.

—The boiler in Levi Newell's saw-mill at Morenci exploded, killing the engineer, William Smith, and injuring the proprietor and two employees.

—Rev. J. Hill, of Elkhart, is sixty-five years old, has been married over forty years, and in that time has not paid out \$10 for medical services in his family.

—Mrs. Frost, of Munagon, who mysteriously disappeared from a Milwaukee hotel a week ago, has been found at Mequon, Wis., in the home of relatives.

—Grace Church, at Holland, was burned in 1886, and the society has been pushed. The life or death of the parish depends on present efforts being made to sustain it.

—It is proposed to build a canal between Big Bay De Noe, in Lake Michigan, to South Bay, in Lake Superior, a distance of forty miles, at an estimate cost of \$5,000,000.

—The asylum at Ionia for insane criminals is so badly crowded that no more persons can be admitted. The next Legislature will probably be asked to build another asylum.

—In the suit of Patterson against the Cincinnati, Jackson & Mackinac road, for injuries sustained last April, a Circuit Court jury at Adrian, gave the plaintiff verdict for \$5,595.

—The First Presbyterian Church of Indianapolis has extended a call to the Rev. J. G. Lowrie, who has heretofore filled the pulpit of the First Presbyterian Church of Elkhart, Ind. He will go at once.

—Charles Wingard and his niece, Annie

Fox, elopers from Monroe, committed suicide Wednesday morning in the jail at Elkhart, Ohio, with a revolver. Both were dead when found.

—Annette Miller, sent from Macomb county, died at the State Industrial Home for Girls, being the fifth victim of typhoid fever within a short time. There are twelve cases still reported there.

The mangled remains of Michael Scully, a Chicago and Grand Trunk steamman, were found beside the track in Battle Creek, fragments of the body being strewn along the track for twenty rods.

A bulletin has been issued by the Michigan State Board of Health reciting the prevalence of small-pox in many portions of the country, and advising the people to protect themselves by vaccination.

Mrs. John Elder put kerosene in a coal stove, which, to all appearances, contained no fire, and before she could apply a match a terrible explosion occurred. Mrs. Elder was badly burned about the face and neck.

Zach T. Darrow was arrested at Detroit, for trying to pass counterfeit money. The bill he was trying to pass was an excellent imitation of the five-dollar silver certificate, No. 1, number 157,236, bearing a vignette of Grant.

It has been found that Kaiser, who was assaulted and robbed in Detroit, and found unconscious in Jackson, did not go to the latter place in a box-car. It is hardly expected that he can recover, and much mystery surrounds the case.

At an early hour in the morning Carrie and Eva Deitz, the Sebaquaga girls confined in the county jail for burglary, made a bold attempt to escape. They removed the iron grates from their window and threw out a rope made from a torn blanket. Carrie made the first attempt to lower herself, when the rope broke. She fell about two stories, and received fatal injuries, dying at 7:30 o'clock in the evening.

Who would think of calling deaf men by beating a drum? Yet this is exactly what is done in the Institute for the Deaf and Dumb at Flint. With the drum resting on the floor and beaten in the usual way, everybody in the building is awakened in the morning. It is also used to call the boys from the playgrounds. The teachers state that those who cannot hear at all feel the vibrations and answer the summons.

Albert Spencer Brandt and his step-daughter, Eunice Parker, aged fourteen, have been arrested at Grand Rapids, the former for robbing a man named John Yassago, and the latter for passing bogus money. The girl was arrested, and when Brandt went to the police station to look for her he was arrested and taken home. His house was found to contain drugs, tools, and all the things commonly used by counterfeiters. He made very clever counterfeiters and is an expert at the business.

INDIANA.

A huge black bear has made his appearance in the woods east of Holland, Mich. Much excitement prevails.

A severe rain and wind storm damaged property to an extent not definitely reported at Haubstadt, unroofing houses and barns and killing cattle.

A bomb-shell was thrown into the camp of the gambling element at Logansport, by the police and sent into the general order closing all gambling rooms in the city.

John M. Harper and his wife both died, after five days illness, of pneumonia, at their home ten miles southwest of Brazil, where they had spent their fifty years of married life.

In a row between miners at Carbon, City Marshal Thomas Fitzgerald shot and killed an Austrian named John Yassago. The marshal was compelled to use his revolver in self-defense.

A package of \$140 was left with George E. Hubbell, night clerk of the Commercial Hotel, at Fort Wayne, by one of the guests, and Hubbell and the money both disappeared, and have not been seen.

Russell Armstrong was arrested at Indianapolis, on complaint of a hotel-keeper, whose bill had not been paid. Armstrong was taken to the station, where he suddenly drew a revolver and shot himself, inflicting fatal injuries, and have not been seen.

Suit for \$10,000 damages for the killing of Engineer William B. Felton, by the discharge of a shot from a gun, was filed against the Evansville and Indianapolis road, at the next term of Circuit Court.

The evidence before the Coroner, does not seem to sustain the first report of justifiable homicide in the killing of the Austrian miner by Fitzgerald. The Marshall of the town of Carbon, the verdict being that the deceased came to his death at the hands of the latter.

The Kokomo Board of Trade has closed contracts with two factories for Kokomo. One is for the manufacture of glass bottles, fruit jars, etc., and will employ about eighty men. The other is a wood pulp mill, and will employ one hundred and twenty-five men.

The little son and daughter of James Hustons, who lives near Elwood, while playing about the house found a bottle of tincture of belladonna, which had been carelessly left on the window, and drank enough of it to throw them into violent spasms. The boy, aged 4, died, and the girl, but the little girl, aged 3, is thought to be out of danger.

Mrs. Mary Harrod, who was confined in the jail at Washington, committed suicide by hanging herself with a towel. She had been placed in the jail on a charge of petit larceny. She said her husband was now in Columbus, O., and she was waiting for him.

Loree, of Columbus, was her brother, and that she had a brother in Indianapolis.

Dr. W. B. Bedell, a prominent physician who has held several positions of trust, suddenly disappeared. He has been paying considerable attention to a neighbor's wife, and finally his actions became so suspicious that they occasioned some talk. Five or six weeks ago Bedell died suddenly under circumstances which were never regarded with suspicion. Today the Prosecuting Attorney and Coroner telegraphed for J. N. Hurdy, an Indianapolis chemist, who will make an examination of Mrs. Bedell's body.

Wesley Adams, living just outside the city limits of Kokomo, was shot dead by Charles Busk, a farm hand boarding at Adams' house. Busk was quarreling with the breakfast table with another boarder about Mrs. Adams when Mr. Adams intervened and was shot in the neck, death resulting instantly. Busk is only 17 years old, Red, and was arrested in the woods seven miles northwest and brought here to jail. He refuses to talk and pleads self-defense. He is a cousin of the murdered man's wife and has a bad record.

Southern Indiana, which is noted for its remarkable revivals of religion, is now enjoying one of the most extensive in its history. It is coming to the cities of New Albany and Jeffersonville, and is the direct result of the efforts of young Thomas E. Murphy, the temperance apostle, and Dwight L. Moody. Over 5,000 people have signed the temperance pledge, and Reuben Dally, the "Gagan" editor, who formerly refused to honor the name of the Deity with a capital letter, has been converted.

Charles and Samuel Kissinger fled two suits at Logansport, of \$5,000 each against Dr. M. A. Jordan, Coroner, for damages alleged to have been sustained by an alleged false imprisonment. In December, 1886, Ella Adams, wife of the late John Adams, charged the coroner with the murder of her infant. The plaintiffs in this action were also arrested for complicity in the crime, but were subsequently discharged. They alleged in their complaints that the mittimus issued by the Coroner upon which they were imprisoned, was a forgery.

They were confined in prison thirty-seven days and denied a preliminary hearing. The trial of their sister resulted in an acquittal.

The Yankee Skipper and the Fundy Tides.

It seems, according to the old story-tellers, that years ago the captain of a New England coaster determined to discover the exact location of "Down East." At every port he visited, from Cape Cod to Boothbay, the inhabitants all denied that they lived there, and, when asked where "Down East" was, only pointed mysteriously up the coast.

Finally, when the skipper of the "Dancing Polly" received a cargo of goods for Grand Pre, he was highly pleased, thinking that at last "Down East" would be found,—for, in those days, Nova Scotia was considered "the jumping-off place."

One fine morning, the schooner got under way, and sailed merrily up through the maze of islands that skirt the coast of Maine. Fair westerly winds favored them, and on the second day they entered the famous Bay of Fundy, or Fond de la Baie, as the French call it.

The skipper had never heard of the great tide there; and when, the following morning, the mouth of the Minas Channel appeared on the right shore, he bore away for it, wing and wing, and he was soon under the Acadian hills.

The rich green fields and the villages alongshore seemed to give a friendly greeting; and captain and crew decided that "Down East" was a very pleasant region.

But luck is fickle; and as they were bowling along, up the basin proper, they felt a sudden jar, then heard a scraping sound; and a moment later "The Dancing Polly" was aground, under full sail.

The small-boat was put out with a kedge, and the sails were braced this way and that, but all to no purpose,—the tide was going out, and skipper and "crew" would have to wait until the high tide came to float them off.

It was quite late in the day, and ere long the captain, and the cook, and the great Newfoundland dog, and a yellow-and-black cat, who constituted the "crew" all went to bed.

Early the next morning, the captain was awakened by the dog; and when he crawled out of his berth, he found the floor of his cabin so aslant that he had to scramble on all fours to reach the ladder. The schooner was evidently heeled over. But the captain had expected this, and made his way as best he could.

Was he dreaming? He certainly thought so; and then, having some doubts, he reached over and gently touched the yellow-and-black cat's tail. An answering tail assured him that he was awake, and that he and "The Dancing Polly" were really somewhere high up in mid-air.

The bewildered skipper crept to the rail, his astonishment all the while increasing. The broad stream of the day before had vanished. Not a drop of water was in sight, but far below him could be seen a vast basin of mud, in which pigs were rooting and grunting.

For some time the skipper stood and looked; then, noticing the cook standing by and, like himself, lost in wonder, he said:

"Wal, John, I reckon we've reached here at last."

"Reached where?" exclaimed the cook.

"Down East," replied the old man, solemnly.

"It looks more like 'up East,' and on a powerful high perch, moreover," retorted the cook, "and I'm for striking inshore."

The two men started forward, and they soon found that the schooner was resting on a great ledge of rock like a tower that rose out of the mud. Lowering a rope over the side, they let themselves down upon the rock, and even then were several feet from the muddy surface.

The great pedestal upon which they stood was covered with olive-bued and black weeds, which concealed innumerable star-fishes, sea-urchins and shells, and it gradually dawned upon them that "The Dancing Polly" had not been transported inland, but that the water had gone seaward and left them.

How to get down was the next question, and after a debate about leaving the dog and the cat, the two men finally managed to slide, slip, and scramble to the plain below, and through mud waist-deep floundered to the shore, where they were received with roars of laughter by a group of fine looking Acadians, who had been watching their decent and their difficult progress.

Then and there, the Yankee navigator first heard of the Fundy tides; and several hours later, from the deck of the little craft, he saw the "bore" come in,—first a small stream, growing rapidly wider and deeper until the entire basin was filled with surging waters that rose higher and higher, until finally "The Dancing Polly" floated free, and once more sailed away in the direction of Grand Pre.—C. F. Holder, in St. Nicholas.

If He Had Only Known.

A physician who had attended a man during several weeks of illness called one day and presented his bill.

"I can't pay this," said the ex-patient.

"Why? It's correct."

"I don't doubt that, but I haven't any money. Had to pay a life-insurance assessment this morning, and it took every cent I had."

"What is your life insured for?"

"Yes; and at one time, when I expected to live but a few hours longer, I told my wife to see that you were paid just as soon as the company paid the amount of insurance."

"My dear man," the doctor suggestively replied, "I wish I had known that. I think I would have gotten my money."—Arkansas Traveler.

ST. NICHOLAS HOTEL, GAINESVILLE, FLA., March 1, 1888.

MR. EDITOR:—I promised you when we left for the South I would write you a letter after we found where we wanted to stay for a few weeks.

After spending some ten days at four or five points, we came to this pretty little city, which is located equally distant from the Atlantic Ocean on the east side, and the Gulf of Mexico on the west side, thereby affording protection from chilly winds of the Coast as well as the wintry Northern blasts. I cannot understand why people will seek the Coast towns, when after pleasure and comfort. The "season" at this place will last long into May, and many Northern tourists can be found here after the other resorts have been vacated.

Mr. W. T. Jackson, the proprietor of the St. Nicholas, the best house here, has done much to make our stay in this beautiful little city among the pines, pleasant. The St. Nicholas is a new brick hotel, well furnished. Rooms large and comfortable, and everything presents that inviting Southern hospitable appearance which is found where cotton grows.

The table is supplied with Northern meats, and fish and game from the beautiful lakes and hunting grounds that abound near here. You ought to see us come home with a big "string" of fish.

Well, good-bye, "Old Chap," for this time. Will be home late of May.

Yours, JACK.

Mr. Moody Makes a Mistake.

A friend of mine, who is a strict temperance man and never drinks liquor under any circumstances, has the misfortune to be occasionally afflicted with erysipelas of the face which makes his nose a trifle too rubicund for perfect beauty. He went to the Moody meeting the other evening, and becoming interested stepped into the inquiry room. A Christian worker stepped up and accosted him with:

"My dear brother, what is your bettingsin?" Then catching a glimpse of the rosy nose he added: "It's intemperance, I dare say."

My prohibitionist friend was so speechless with indignation that he turned and walked out.—Louisville Post.

Better Than Delmonico's.

A very pretty story which we believe has never yet appeared in print, is told of a young lady of Coldwater, Mich. She was visiting her well-to-do cousin in New York City, who took pleasure in showing her the sights of Gotham. After theater one evening he thought to show his Western "coo" how they dine in New York "after the opera is over," and took her to Delmonico's, where he ordered a neat little supper for two.

The viands were dispatched, and the waiter brought the check, with which was returned to the cashier a \$20 bill. The young lady "from out of the West" was watching operations, and observed that the waiter brought back but \$3.50 in change, of which he was given the half dollar. Afterward seated in the carriage en route homeward, the Western belle timidly ventured to ask her cousin:

"Excuse me, cousin, I don't want to appear inquisitive, but you know we Western folks want to learn—was that a \$20 bill you sent with that check?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"And you only got back three dollars and fifty cents?"

"Yes,"

"Well, I declare! it may be all right, but at the Southern Michigan Hotel in Coldwater I can get just as good a dinner as that for 50 cents—with two kinds of pie."—Hotel World.

The Young Man Had Gone.

Old gentleman (calling down the stairs)—Clara, didn't I hear that young man go just now?

Daughter—Yes, papa; you heard him go down to the cellar for more coal.—Eve.

S. JACOB'S OIL

RHEUMATISM.

The Case Stated.—Jan'y 17th, 1888. Messrs. George C. Osgood & Co., druggists, Lowell, Mass., wrote to the undersigned as follows: "Mr. Lewis Dennis, No. 130 Moody street, Boston, has recommended your S. J. Jacobs Oil, and desires especially to say that:

"ORIN ROBINSON, of Granville, Mass., a boy of 12 years, came to his house in the summer of 1887, walking on crutches. His left leg being bent at the knee for over two months, and could not be bent back. Mr. Dennis had some of your S. J. Jacobs Oil, and gave it to him to rub on his knee. In six days he had no use for his crutches, and went home well without them, as he has been ever since."

Corroborative and Conclusive Testimony.

Lowell, Mass., July 9, 1887.—Gentlemen: Mr. Lewis Dennis has just called upon me, and informs me that the boy Orin Robinson, who was a poor cripple on crutches, was cured by St. Jacobs Oil in 1881; and cure has remained permanent. The young man has been and is now at work at the factory, and certainly proves the efficacy of St. Jacobs Oil.—Dr. Geo. C. Osgood, M.D.

Sold by Druggists and Dealers Everywhere.

THE CHAMBERLAIN'S

REMARKS.

CHICAGO.

Choice to Fancy.....\$5.50 to \$6.00

Choice to Fancy.....\$5.50 to \$6.00

Fair to Good.....\$5.00 to \$5.50

Fancy Cows and Heifers.....\$5.00 to \$5.50

Fair Cows.....\$4.50 to \$5.00

Good Cows.....\$4.00 to \$4.50

Good Range.....\$3.50 to \$4.00

Wheat—No. 2 Spring.....\$2.50 to \$3.00

Wheat—No. 2.....\$2.00 to \$2.50

POTATOES—Per bushel.....\$1.00 to \$1.50

POULTRY—Turkeys.....\$1.00 to \$1.50

POULTRY—Ducks.....\$1.00 to \$1.50

BUTTER—Choice Creamery.....\$1.00 to \$1.50

POULTRY—Fine Dairy.....\$1.00 to \$1.50

Low Grades.....\$1.00 to \$1.50

CHICKENS—No. 2.....\$1.00 to \$1.50

EGGS—Fresh, per doz.....\$1.00 to \$1.50

BEVERS—Choice Natives.....\$1.00 to \$1.50

HOES.....\$1.00 to \$1.50

SWEET.....\$1.00 to \$1.50

WHEAT—No. 2, Red.....\$1.00 to \$1.50

OATS.....\$1.00 to \$1.50

WHEAT—No. 2, Red.....\$1.00 to \$1.50

CORN.....\$1.00 to \$1.50

OATS.....\$1.00 to \$1.50

BEVERS.....\$1.00 to \$1.50

STEEPS Grass Range.....\$1.00 to \$1.50

WHEAT—No. 2.....\$1.00 to \$1.50

OATS.....\$1.00 to \$1.50

A Daughter Well Married.

A German banker, traveling by rail in a first-class carriage toward Vienna, had as a fellow-traveler at one of the intermediate stations an old gentleman, who entered into conversation, and proved very pleasant. The banker got out before his companion, and before he did so asked the latter how far he was going. The gentleman replied to Vienna. "I have a daughter very well married there," said the banker. "I should like to give you a note of introduction to her. I have also a daughter very well married here," said the other. Would it be too great a liberty to ask the name?" said the banker. My daughter," the gentleman answered, "is married to the Emperor of Austria." It was the old King of Bavaria.—Court Journal.

Cal Love.

If there is one thing that a sensible old maid abominates more than another it is "cal love." She always feels like taking the afflicted boy by the cuff of the neck and shaking some sense into him, or taking him to his mother and asking her to give him some warm peppermint tea and keep him where the wind will not blow too hard upon his soft form.

Not one but two. She may have more modesty than a soft boy, but she is liable to be guilty of just as silly things as he dare be. "Six of one and a half-dozen of the other" is about the way the equation stands.—Pittsburg Commercial Gazette.

A Harvard Scholarship for Women.

Harvard College is about to create a first scholarship for the aid of women students. The interest of \$6,000 is to be appropriated to the use of the candidate from New York State who shall pass the best yearly examination.

Yon study ask whose branches wide Foddy the storms and winds defy, Not long an acorn, small, Lay dormant, natch the summer sky.

Not unlike the story of stop-overs on the road, development and growth, is consumption. But even this mighty foe of mankind, positively yields to the wonderful curative properties of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It is easy to be blind to your own interests and think yours a hopeless case. This remarkable remedy has rescued thousands. Of druggists.

Doubtful.

Leap-year is all right enough so far as helping February make an extra jump, but it is doubtful if any girl living will take advantage of it to slip her arm around a young man's waist and ask him to be hers.—Detroit Free Press.

Tallahassee, Ga., and the South.

The Monon Route (L. N. & C. R. R. Co.) is running a series of Excursions to the South in general, and Tallahassee, Ga., in particular at greatly reduced rates. Tickets are good thirty days, and return dates March 12th, 26th and April 9th and 23rd. The Monon Route affords choice of interesting routes from Chicago via either Louisville or Cincinnati, and is equipped with magnificent Pullman Buffet sleepers, and elegant chair cars.

Round trip

The Ypsilantian.

THURSDAY, MARCH 8, 1888.

SENATOR Vest is tired of hearing about the Union soldiers. A good many down south got tired of the same thing long ago, but there is not cotton enough in the south to stop their ears to the unwelcome sound.

THERE is music in the air at Albany. Gov. Hill's musical clock and 800-dollar piano furnish the instrumental part of the performance, and the legislature promise a real lively accompaniment in the shape of an inquiry as to the Governor's misappropriation of the state funds.

SHODDY on the free list notwithstanding the Sentinel's spasms over the iniquity of its use under a duty of 10 cents per pound. With free shoddy, who will not necessarily be clothed in cast off English rags?

THE floundering of the Coldwater Republican are really pitiful. In one line it argues the higher price of free wool, and in the next, the necessity of cheaper raw materials to enable our manufacturers to compete abroad. Shade of Whately! thy logic should put in for repairs.

DID we hear any body say that the Ann Arbor Democrat and the Coldwater Republican were investing all their surplus in sheep and thus proving the sincerity of their claims that free wool always bears a higher price than protected wool? Walk up gentlemen and prove your faith by your works.

THE true inwardness of Secretary Bayard's diplomatic "triumph," is beginning to appear. On May 20, 1886, after the seizure of our fishing vessels by the Canadian authorities, Mr. Bayard wrote to Minister West protesting vigorously against the illegal acts. This is what he wrote: "The report received by me yesterday, alleges such action in relation to the vessel mentioned as renders it difficult to imagine it to be that orderly proceeding and due process of law so well known and customarily exercised in Great Britain, and which dignifies the two governments and gives to private rights of property and the liberty of the individual, their essential safeguards." On September 11, 1886, he wrote in regard to the Adams and several other vessels that "the conduct of the provincial officers towards these vessels, therefore, seem not merely unfriendly and injurious, but in clear and plain violation of the terms of the treaty, and I am instructed that reparation for the losses sustained by the owners of the vessels will be claimed by the United States government on their behalf, as soon as the amount can be accurately ascertained." These last are brave and patriotic words and gave the country hope that at last our government had avowed their dream of subservience to England, and would vindicate the rights of our fishermen. But alas! The final surrender has been made and Sec'y Bayard has signed the terms of capitulation. It is a treaty without one single concession on the part of Canada, except what is freely granted without law or treaty, by every civilized nation on the globe, to other nations, but with an exclusion of our vessels from vast areas hitherto claimed, and used by our fishermen, and last and worst an implied acknowledgement of the right of Canada to seize and confiscate our vessels. This appears from a recent communication received by Secretary Bayard from the Admiralty Court of Halifax that the rebels against the Daniel Adams and Ella M. Douglass right to seize them has been vindicated by the treaty which Mr. Bayard has signed. Comment is not necessary on so clear a surrender of the rights and dignity of the great nation whom he misrepresents.

Mr. Mills, Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, who lives at some cross roads in that highly civilized progressive state called Texas, has finally offered his panacea for all the ills the United States is heir to. Under the head of tariff reform he slaps the farmers in the face and tells them to get down to the plane of the Argentine Republic where sheep are worth 50 cents per head, or else slaughter their sheep and stop growing wool. Not satisfied with putting his heel on the neck of our farmers, he makes a thrust at the manufacturers and insists that they shall force their expenses down to the European standard or close up shop. It is really hard to tell against whom his spite is most bitterly vented. The blow upon the farmers is in the interest of cheap raw materials, and this can benefit only the manufacturers, those "great monopolies," whose crying sins have so long excited the righteous indignation of these same tariff reformers. It looks as if they had become alarmed at what they had done—they are easily alarmed, be it known—and have sought to remedy the blunders by attacking the manufacturing industries. And what does it all amount to? Where will the blow fall with most telling effect? Upon the laborer of course. Ultimately he must suffer in his wages. If the value of wool is reduced, the cost of production must be reduced likewise and that can be done only by forcing wages to a lower level. So with manufactured products. Give the manufacturer his raw material and all his appliances as cheap as in the foreign market, and it will give him an equal chance with Europe only when labor is put up on the same plane, and that is the inevitable result of the free trade idea. Free trade has no other object than to force home manufacturers into competition with the foreign, and such competition cannot succeed with a single element of cost, labor for instance, of higher price. Raw material, machinery and labor must all be of equal value with those of European supply, or our industries must go to the wall. Is it possible that American laborers so densely ignorant or stupid as not to see where this bold stroke of destructive "reform" must land them? We think not. All classes are studying the tariff question and the examination takes place early next November. Let Mr. Mills and his dark lantern committee take warning.

PROHIBITION PERCENTAGES.

The percentage which the prohibition vote bears to the total vote cast, in each town, ward and city, and in the county, on the amendment last spring and under local option now, is shown in the following table:

	1887.	1888.
Ann Arbor.....	42.02	47.28
1st ward.....	4.37	7.92
2d ward.....	30.40	29.00
3d ward.....	37.02	29.37
4th ward.....	35.31	34.71
5th ward.....	35.31	34.71
6th ward.....	74.73	78.89

Ann Arbor township.....	36.72	34.87
Augusta.....	34.56	30.22
Bridgewater.....	62.17	61.01
Dexter.....	33.46	33.99
Freedom.....	34.83	28.81
Lima.....	6.45	1.38
Lodi.....	38.93	28.92
Lyndon.....	21.86	11.78
Manchester.....	39.25	33.61
Northfield.....	31.74	31.73
Pittsfield.....	37.08	28.05
Salem.....	49.30	50.80
Scioto.....	60.00	61.62
Saline.....	56.41	42.18
Solo.....	43.56	30.32
Sharon.....	46.86	30.12
Superior.....	48.44	40.97
Sylvan.....	49.91	46.36
Webster.....	47.61	65.19
York.....	73.44	65.22
Ypsilanti township.....	70.61	64.50
1st ward.....	58.45	56.83
2d ward.....	69.35	73.09
3d ward.....	34.56	36.02
4th ward.....	33.33	34.03
5th ward.....	52.63	50.14
County.....	45.12	39.84

It will be seen that the 1st and 6th wards of Ann Arbor, the 2d and 4th wards of Ypsilanti, and the towns of Bridgewater, Pittsfield and Salem alone increased their proportion of prohibition votes—the 6th ward of Ann Arbor making the highest relative gain, and the 2d ward of Ypsilanti coming next. The influence of the University and the Normal School is seen in those. What schools are they which influence the 2d ward of Ann Arbor and the towns of Freedom and Lodi? Lyndon, Scioto, Saline, Lima, Lodi, Sharon and Northfield show the greatest losses, and in that order. Manchester lacked only one hundredth of one per cent. of maintaining her ratio. In noting the varying gains and losses, it is surprising, and interesting, to find how many of the precincts maintain their relative rank, or nearly so, as shown in the following comparison:

1887.	1888.
74.73 6th ward Ann Arbor.....	78.89
73.44 York.....	73.09
73.44 1st ward Ypsilanti.....	65.50
69.35 2d ward Ypsilanti.....	65.22
67.01 Webster.....	65.19
67.01 1st ward Ypsilanti.....	64.54
63.17 Augusta.....	61.62
60.00 Salem.....	61.01
56.41 Saline.....	50.80
52.63 Ypsilanti city.....	50.14
49.91 Sylvan.....	46.36
49.30 Lyndon.....	42.18
49.30 Pittsfield.....	40.97
45.44 Superior.....	40.97
46.86 Sharon.....	39.84
45.12 COUNTY.....	39.12
43.56 Scioto.....	36.02
42.02 1st ward Ann Arbor.....	34.87
38.93 Lima.....	33.99
37.08 Northfield.....	33.61
37.02 4th ward Ann Arbor.....	31.73
36.72 Ann Arbor city.....	30.32
34.83 5th ward Ann Arbor.....	30.22
34.83 Dexter.....	29.37
34.56 3d ward Ann Arbor.....	29.00
34.56 Ann Arbor town.....	28.81
34.56 Bridgewater.....	28.92
33.46 5th ward Ypsilanti.....	28.05
33.46 3d ward Ann Arbor.....	28.05
31.74 Manchester.....	24.03
31.74 Lodi.....	11.78
21.86 2d ward Ann Arbor.....	7.92
6.45 Freedom.....	1.38

Ten keep the same rank, and five, including the county, lack but one of it; while four lack two of it, and fifteen have wandered farther.

The total vote in the county was 94.16 per cent. of the amendment vote.

NATIONAL ANTI-SALOON REPUBLICAN COMMITTEE.

RINGING CALL FROM THE NATIONAL COMMITTEE.

Less than eighteen months ago the anti-saloon movement within the republican party was organized, at the national conference, held at Chicago, September 16th, 1886. That conference was a gathering of loyal, life-long and representative republicans, who believed that, in the providence of God, the hour had come for the republican party to face unitedly its next great duty, and to enter unitedly upon its next great battle and victory. They remembered its heroic origin, for many of them had stood by its cradle. They were proud of its hitherto continuous line of splendid achievements, and believed that that line could be, and ought to be, kept unbroken. They knew that a political party, called together and held together by moral ideas, must move ever forward, or cease to exist. With the civil war triumphant; with slavery uprooted; with the Union forever restored; with the Nation's honor and credit everywhere vindicated, and the Nation's defenders duly rewarded; with American industry buttressed by wise laws, and started on a course of unexampled prosperity; with a sweeping reform in the civil service inaugurated; the field seemed clear, and the time ripe for another advance, which should be the greatest of them all.

During the two decades embracing the anti-slavery agitation, the war period and reconstruction, while the hands and thoughts of our people were busy with other imperative tasks, the national scourge of the liquor traffic had grown with the Republic's growth, and strengthened with its strength. Adroitly it had entrenched itself in both political camps. Holding the democratic party as its open ally and aggressive champion, it hoped to secure the perpetual neutrality of the republican organization by seducing the least worthy of its political managers with the bait of power, or coercing them with the whip of intimidation. Too long this policy succeeded. Too long the cowardice, self-interest or apathy of false leaders rendered voiceless an ineffective the always earnest, and now resistless temperance sentiment among the republican masses. The anti-saloon uprising within the republican party, which took form at Chicago, broke the evil spell, and marked the beginning of the end of saloon domination in republican councils.

The ground which that conference of republicans asked the republican party to take on the liquor question is this summarized:

(1) The saloon is the enemy of society, and ought to be suppressed; (2) the people of each state and municipality ought to have the opportunity, whenever desired, of deciding when and how this shall be done; (3) until destroyed, the saloon ought to be crippled by every restraint and disability which local public sentiment will enforce, and made to reimburse as much as possible of the public loss it causes.

The anti-saloon republican movement has now reached a magnitude and a momentum which nothing can withstand. It

no longer pleads for a hearing. It commands compliance. Its purpose is to place the republican party where it belongs—positively and finally on the side of the home and the public safety, as against the saloon system and its destructive work. This task is being accomplished more widely and promptly than even the sanguine expected. In nearly every state under republican control, where saloons had not already been abolished, or outlawed, stringent repressive laws have recently been enacted in response to the unmistakable demand of the people. Everywhere the best public opinion is reaching the conclusion that the saloon system is incurably and intolerably bad, and must be put out of existence.

Wherever the laws, prohibitive or restrictive, have been enacted, they have wrought a complete and permanent divorce between the republican party and the saloon. With local exceptions, which only prove the rule, the saloon vote has gone over bodily to the democratic side. It now remains for the republican party formally to recognize and act upon this most welcome event; to burn every remaining bridge between itself and the liquor interest; to announce, authentically, its relentless hostility to the saloon scourge, and its purpose to make that hostility felt. There is nothing to make that hostility felt. It is the duty, and the privilege, of the republican party, to recover and hold supremacy in this Nation. It can do both, by simply deserving such a destiny. It can do neither, if henceforth its platforms and its management shall misrepresent and betray the mass of its voting members, and their solemn determination to reach and settle this issue of the saloon against the home. Henceforth, silence on this subject is impossible; cowardice is the gateway to assured, because merited, defeat; attempted evasion is accomplished suicide.

The saloon vote, having gone where it belongs, could not be reclaimed, even if its leprosy presence were desired. The liquor power, in state and Nation, has, for good cause, declared war to the knife against the republican party. Even where its representatives linger in the republican camp it is to confuse our councils and defeat our plans. The democratic party has accepted its alliance, and by that act has shut its gates against every honest friend of temperance. With courage, principle, and common sense guiding its course, the republican party can now make good, three over, the numerical loss it has sustained, and place itself on a moral plane which will render it invincible for the future. Partisan self-interest and the highest and most sacred interests of mankind unite to point out a common path.

As the national republican platforms of the past have rung with denunciations of American slavery and polygamy, both of which, within the states, were subject to state control, it is now practically assured that the next national republican platform will contain a clear and unequivocal expression in opposition to that other bulwark of barbarism, the American saloon power. While the warfare against this incendiary system must be mainly waged through the exercise of the police power of the state, yet the saloon is in National, as well as in state and local politics, and the Nation within its proper sphere, as in cases of slavery and polygamy, touches this ubiquitous curse at a thousand points of contact.

We believe there will no longer be the spectacle of a political party, which stands for all that is best in the political life of our people, ignoring in its National utterances a political conflict which annually stirs every community to its depths, which dwarfs every other issue, and the result of which involves the future of human society on this continent.

To assure and signalize the complete withdrawal of the National republican party from all complicity with the saloon infamy, and to emphasize its positive antagonism thereto, a National anti-saloon republican conference is hereby called, to assemble in New York City, at 11 o'clock a. m., April 18, 1888, and continue in session two days. This invitation is addressed to all republicans in the United States who sympathize with this movement and purpose, and to all members of other parties and unattached voters who are willing to act with the republican organization so long as it shall honestly stand for the homes of the people as against the saloon system and its criminal aggressions.

Albert Griffin, Manhattan, Kan., Ch'n.
A. G. Mabee, Arlington, N. J., Secretary
Thomas L. James, New York City, Treas.
Noah Davis, New York City.
A. B. Nettleton, Minneapolis, Minn.
Henry B. Metcalf, Pawtucket, R. I.
P. C. Lounsbury, Hartford Conn.
J. M. Bundy, New York City.
W. W. Brown, Bradford, Pa.
Rufus S. Frost, Boston, Mass.
H. K. Carroll, Plainfield, N. J.
R. S. MacArthur, New York City.
Edwin A. Studwell, Tarrytown, N. Y.
Chas. S. Bleed, Topeka, Kan.
Edwin Lee Brown, Chicago, Ill.
Thomas G. Baker, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Alex. S. Bacon, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Executive Board.
Wm. P. Frye, Lewiston, Maine.
Henry W. Blair, Manchester, N. H.
Geo. A. Brown, Belvidere, Ill.
Rufus S. Frost, Chelsea, Mass.
John H. Jackson, Wilmington Del.
B. H. Miller, Sandy Springs, Md.
E. B. Fairchild, Manistec, Mich.
Will Cumbach, Greensburg, Ind.
Wm. A. James, Highland Park, Ind.
E. P. Wheeler, Beloit, Wis.
Hiram Price, Dubuque, Iowa.
Geo. W. McCrary, Kansas City, Mo.
S. W. Carpenter, Denver, Col.
W. S. Mills, El Dorado, Nev.
E. H. Twitchell, New Mexico.
L. V. Dodge, Berea, Ky.
E. A. Buck, Atlanta, Ga.
R. E. Mosely, Talladega, Ala.
Horatio Bisbee, Jr., Jacksonville Fla.
M. W. Gibbs, Little Rock, Ark.
A. B. Norton, Dallas, Tex.

Anti-Saloon Republican National Com.

AMERICANS should not be utterly in despair over the treaty. England said nothing about appropriating to her exclusive use the open ocean. It was Chamberlain's oversight no doubt, for there was nothing in the attitude of the United States commissioners to prevent such "delimitation," if it had been demanded. The next diplomatic stroke of the administration will be to make the United States

one of Britannia's dependencies. Titles of nobility upon the President and his cabinet and J. Russell Lowell would, no doubt, be considered a just offset.

THE free traders want free salt. They have probably discovered in their political organization, signs of decomposition which will require large quantities of the preservative to check and they want to buy cheap.

Ypsilanti Savings Bank

Organized under the general banking laws of Michigan, with a

CASH CAPITAL OF \$50,000

Transacts a

GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS

FOUR PER CENT. INTEREST

allowed on all savings deposits of \$1 and upwards, compounded every six months.

Savings Department open every Saturday evening from 7 to 8 to receive deposits.

D. C. BATCHELDER, President.
R. W. HEMPHILL, Cashier.

SUBURBAN HOME!

FOR SALE.

Grand opportunity to secure a first-class home. 20 acres, with Splendid Residence, superb location Forest Avenue east, just outside of city limits. 10 acres Small Fruits in fine condition. Price and terms desirable. Call early.

J. N. WALLACE.

Or address,
T. B. MOON, Dentons, Mich. 2528

Simple Simon.
Mr. Bayard made a treaty
For to catch a fish;
When 'twas done the fish was cooked,
And in his rival's dish!

"Two hundred million eggs imported!
Think of that, you lazy hen!"
"Cut-ca-da-cut! cut-ca-da-cut!"
Why don't you protect me, then?"

Mr. Mallory, of the Burr Oak Acorn, has sold that paper to W. W. Bate, who will run it as a neutral paper in point of politics.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW, ss. At a session of the Probate Court for the county of Washtenaw, holden at the Probate Office in the city of Ann Arbor, on Saturday, the 3rd day of March, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-eight. Present, William D. Harriman, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of Sarah Smith, deceased. Wasmon Barr, executor of the last will and testament of said deceased, comes into court and represents that he is now prepared to render his final account as such executor. Thereupon it is ordered that Saturday, the 31st day of March instant, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for examining and allowing such account, and that the devisees, legatees and heirs at law of said deceased, and all other persons interested in said estate, are required to appear at a session of said Court then to be holden at the Probate Office, in the city of Ann Arbor, in said county, and show cause, if any there be, why the said account should not be allowed. And it is further ordered that said executor give notice to the persons interested in said estate, of the pendency of said account, and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in THE YPSILANTIAN, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county, three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.

WILLIAM D. HARRIMAN, Judge of Probate.
WM. G. DORT, Probate Register. 2730

Chronic Diseases a Specialty!

DR. A. B. SPINNEY,

Medical Superintendent of the Ypsilanti Sanitarium, has opened an office on the ground floor of the Sanitarium, where he is prepared to examine and treat all forms of Chronic Diseases. Special attention will be given to the treatment of

CATARRH, THROAT, LUNG,

—AND—

EYE AND EAR DISEASES!

Persons suffering from diseased vision and unable to find glasses, can have their eyes examined and glasses made to order.
Dr. Spinney has been 15 years in active general practice, also 12 years in the treatment of Chronic Diseases.
Office hours: 10 to 12 a. m., and 2 to 4 p. m.

COMPOUND WHITE PONDILY—A new discovery, one on which ladies can depend in the "hour and time of need." See particulars in plain envelope, sent upon Address PONDILY COMPANY, No. 3 Fisher Block, 131 Woodward Ave., DETROIT, MICH.

Clearing Out Sale!

—OF ALL—

WINTER GOODS

—BY—

JOE SANDERS

THE CLOTHIER.

Great REDUCTION IN PRICES

Overcoats Slaughtered,

and people paralyzed to see the prices on Winter Caps and all Winter Goods, but the stuff must go.

I must have room for the immense stock of Spring Goods now being made to my order in the east

COME EARLY AND SECURE THE PLUMS.

JOE SANDERS, the CLOTHIER

No. 1 Union Block.

—GO TO—

Samson's Wood Yard

—FOR—

Full Measure-Sound Wood-Pure Coal

A Bunch of Listings with every half cord of Wood.

Farmers!

We are now in shape to Grind Your Feed in the rear end of our Burned Building. Ground Feed, Corn, Oats, etc., for sale.

AT THE YPSILANTI MARKET

We always have a full supply of all kinds of MEATS of the very best quality, the best canned goods we can find in the wholesale markets, and a full line of Jellies of all kinds. We are receiving FRESH FISH and OYSTERS every day. All of which we sell twenty per cent. lower than any one else.

W. BRADLEY, HURON ST., NEAR POSTOFFICE.

O. A. Ainsworth & Co

THE YPSILANTIAN.

YPSILANTI, MICH.

THURSDAY, MARCH 8, 1888.

The Archbishop of Gran, the Hungarian primate, has an income of \$400,000 a year.

GEN. SHERIDAN is reported as saying that he would rather be the father of twins than be President.

INDIANA is said to have more politicians in proportion to its inhabitants than any other State in the Union.

A New York man at his death left to his son-in-law receipts for all the bills he had paid for him and nothing more.

ONE of the singers at a public concert in Reading, Pa., was a lady 73 years old. The musical critic said she had a fine voice.

MARCH came in like a lamb and the thermometer bounced upward. But there is no necessity just yet of removing the stove from the spare room.

GOV. BUCKNER of Kentucky is a veteran smoker who finds more solace in a pipe than a cigar. He is rarely seen without a cob-pipe in his mouth.

THE bootlers and ballot-box stuffers, both in Ohio and Indiana, are averse to going to the penitentiary. But they had just as well make up their minds to submit. The public is on horse-back.

THE Prince of Monaco, who is now 70 years old, is blind. Still he manages to rake in an income of \$900,000 a year, and is economical in his expenditures to the verge of penuriousness.

COOPER cents are about to be put in general circulation in Georgia for the first time. This indicates that Sam Jones has succeeded in making church going popular with the inhabitants of his own State.

JOHN SPRING, an Englishman 70 years of age, who lives at Jamestown, N. Y., boasts of being the father of thirty-two children. He has also accumulated considerable property, and still works every day.

SPEAKER COX, the other day, during a spirited discussion in the House, informed the members that "the gentleman from North Carolina wished to ask a question of the gentleman from South Carolina," and everybody felt like "smiling."

THE mikado of Japan is the 121st of his race, and is believed by himself and subjects to be descended from the gods. As the national religion, Shintoism, recognizes 8,000,000 gods and saints there appears to be no good reason why every Jap should not be allowed to brag of equally illustrious descent.

THE Duchess of Hamilton has opened a butter store at Ipswich. The place is crowded with customers who are ambitious to be waited upon by one of the quality. Thus one by one the members of the nobility are gradually dropping into occupations where they may be of some real service to mankind.

THE Hon. Steve Elkins, in a recent speech to West Virginians, said "that the way he became connected with West Virginians was by marrying into Senator Davis' family, and that he never had cause to regret either event." He was rather knocked out, however, when Senator Kenna asked him if his wife ever regretted it.

AN English barrister has been found innocent enough to wonder why Russell Sage and Jay Gould did not prefer to have their case tried upon their merits rather than emerge from a small hole by means of the statute of limitation, as no doubt they could get justice in this country. Possibly Messrs. Gould and Sage are not looking for justice.

SENATOR BECK, of Kentucky, is just 66 years old, but he does not appear to be over 50. He is a stoutly-built man, with a big Scotch head, a ruddy complexion, chin whiskers of a silvery gray, and a vigorous mustache. He is a tireless worker in the committee-room, and is looked on as an encyclopedia of knowledge in financial matters.

A WOMAN died in San Francisco a few days ago, and noticing that no preparations were being made for the funeral, apparently, the neighbors began to take an interest in the matter. They hunted up the woman's husband and asked him about it, and he replied: "Yes, I suppose something ought to be done before long, but I have been so overcrowded with work that I haven't had any time to attend to the thing myself. I wish some of you could look after it, can't you? It would be a great accommodation to me, for I never was so busy before in my life. If you will let me know when the funeral comes off I will be there if it is a possibility." The neighbors were simply paralyzed, which fact, no doubt, saved the man from getting the sound drubbing he deserved. He had been married only six months.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Latest Intelligence From all Parts of the World.

EAST.

Prof. Ernest Young, assistant professor of history in Harvard college, committed suicide Saturday.

Mr. Powderly has issued an appeal to the Knights of Labor asking for aid for the striking Lehigh miners.

Dr. O'Reilly, treasurer of the Irish League in America, Saturday sent \$5,000 to London to help the cause of home rule.

It is reported in New York that the post of United States Minister to Germany has been offered to ex-Mayor Cooper by President Cleveland.

Stain and Cromwell, charged with the murder of Cashier Baron, of the Dexter, (Me.) national bank, were found guilty in the second degree Saturday.

Oscar F. Beckwith was hanged at Hudson, N. Y., Thursday, for the murder of Simon Vandervoort, his partner in a gold mining scheme in Columbia county, Jan. 10, 1882. Beckwith had been tried twice, sentenced six times, had his case reviewed before twenty different judges, the last effort in his behalf being a fruitless appeal to the Governor for clemency.

The Ohio Legislature passed and made a law a township local option bill, and a bill for scientific temperance instruction in the schools passed the lower branch.

The Potter & Styren furniture factory at New York (partly occupied by four other companies), was destroyed by fire Thursday, the flames also damaging the Vanderbilt Hotel and the Hospital for Crippled and Ruptured Children. The loss is placed at \$1,000,000.

Five car loads of engineers and firemen, mainly Knights of Labor, passed through Pittsburg Wednesday to take the places of the strikers on the Burlington system. They say they will return home if brotherhood engineers are taken off the Brooklyn Elevated and the Reading Roads.

At Washington Wednesday, the will of the late W. W. Corcoran was offered for probate. The estate is valued at \$3,000,000, and the greater part of it is bequeathed to his three grandchildren, George P., Louise M., and William C. Eustis.

John A. Beal, a boy thirteen years old, began a life sentence at Columbus, Ohio, Wednesday, for the brutal murder of his mother eight months ago.

Governor Greene, of New Jersey, Tuesday vetoed the local option high license bill.

As far as can be learned there is no truth in the report that the firemen and engineers of the Pennsylvania system contemplate a strike on March 15. The employees are still waiting for an answer to their petitions for an advance, but there are no indications of a strike.

The Union Square Theatre, at New York, was totally destroyed by fire Tuesday afternoon, and the Morton House adjoining, was badly damaged. Six firemen were severely injured and burned, being caught under the falling roof of the theatre, and many of the guests and employees of the hotel had narrow escapes. The loss is estimated at \$750,000.

The umpire in the arbitration case of the Pittsburg Iron Works (wrought-iron pipe) vs. the employees, who resisted a reduction of wages, Tuesday decided against the proposed reduction. Six thousand men employed in other mills are affected by this decision, which has been the cause of much rejoicing.

WEST AND SOUTH.

The case against Emma Molloy, charged with being an accessory to the murder of Mrs. Graham, was dismissed at Springfield, Mo., Saturday.

The freight conductors and brakemen on the Atlantic and Pacific Railway have struck against a reduction in wages of nearly 50 per cent, and no freight trains are moving. A sensation was caused in Joliet, Ill., by the finding of a decomposed and mutilated corpse in a vacant building that was being torn down. It turned out to be the corpse of a convict that a clinic of medical students had secured.

The Manistee Salt and Lumber Company, of Manistee, Mich., made an assignment Thursday morning. The liabilities are figured at \$864,086, and the assets are placed at \$1,200,641. Chicago, Milwaukee, and Detroit banks and various firms are interested.

Samuel Morrison, an Indiana surveyor and pioneer, died at Indianapolis Thursday on his 90th birthday. His first recorded achievement was a map of Indiana, published in 1816; the one he was proudest of was a map of Vicksburg sent to General Grant, in which he claimed he originated the plan of the capture.

Mrs. Heaton Manice, the actress, whose wealthy husband deserted her and sued for a divorce, committed suicide at the Leland Hotel, Chicago, early Thursday night. The cause leading to his suicide is unknown.

John W. Dawson, a farmer, near Indianapolis, Ind., aged 76, married his seventh wife Thursday.

Judge Gresham has refused the writ of habeas corpus in the Indiana tally-sheet trial, and Coy and Bernhamer accept his decision as practically conclusive of the whole matter.

At Kansas City Wednesday the roof of the nearly completed Midland Hotel collapsed, burying a score of men in the ruins. Frank Edison was killed, and among the dozen badly wounded is Jack O'Brien, a Chicago plumber. The financial loss is placed at \$50,000.

Three robbers stopped a train on the St. Louis, Arkansas and Texas Railway near Pine Bluff, Ark., Tuesday night and forced the express messenger to open his safe, securing between \$5,000 and \$10,000.

A State convention was held at Wheeling, West Virginia, Wednesday to devise means to attract immigration and capital to develop the natural resources of the State. A permanent immigration commission will be organized.

President Cleveland on Tuesday directed that the new military post at Highwood, near Chicago, be known and designated as Fort Sheridan.

A serious wreck occurred at the crossing of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy and the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroads, east of East Clinton, Ill., Monday night, C. B. and Q. train, run by Civil Engineer Pearce, of Aurora, acting as engineer in place of a strikers, running his train into the train of the other train. No lives were lost, but eight trainmen were injured.

The law enacted by the last Legislature of Wisconsin, permitting drunkards to be sentenced to the reformatory, was Tuesday declared invalid by the State Supreme Court, on the ground that the statute virtually makes drunkenness a crime.

Zephyr Davis, the colored murderer of 15-year-old Maggie Gannan, was arrested at Forest, Ill., and brought to Chicago. He admits killing the girl, but claims slight provocation.

News reached Houston, Texas, Tuesday, of a terrible tragedy at Spanish Camp, a disreputable place sixty miles from Houston, of the burning of a negro cabin by whites, who killed five of the negroes as they ran out and wounded another, while two were crushed in the flames. No arrests have been made in the case of the crime is said to be a suit over the title of the land where the negroes lived, which had just been decided in their favor.

Washtenaw County, the first in Michigan to vote against prohibition, Monday gave a majority of 1550 for the "wet" ticket. Twenty-eight counties in the State have voted for the new law.

Samuel Barron, a commodore in the rebel navy, died Sunday in Essex County, Virginia, at the age of 80.

Horace Vandervoort was Tuesday convicted at Kalamazoo, Mich., of assaulting the 9-year-old daughter of his uncle, and was sentenced to fifty years in the Jackson penitentiary.

POLITICAL POINTS.

The Dexter (Mo.) Enterprise-Messenger has published an interview with Col. E. W. Hill of Malden, in which he accuses his brother, Gov. Hill of New York, of neglecting his relatives.

Governor Oglesby addressed the Farmers' Institute of the Fifteenth Congressional District of Illinois at Danville Thursday. In an interview he asserted (that he was not a candidate for Governor, for President, or for any office.

The Democratic State Central Committee met at the Merchants Hotel in St. Paul on the 29th. The date of the convention to elect delegates to the St. Louis convention was fixed for May 17. President Cleveland's administration was discussed without dissenting vote, and the declaration made that "we are willing to stake the result of the next National election on the doctrine enunciated in his last message. Chairman Michael Doran declares that nothing was said as to the Democratic candidate for Governor, but many of those present are known to be Democrats.

Great activity is reported in the organization of the republican clubs throughout Illinois. Recently two clubs were formed at Decatur, two at Quincy, two at Peoria, and two at Danville.

Ex-Senator Conkling has written to the Secretary of a Pittsburg club, formed in his honor, stating that he is not an aspirant for political preferment (in the Presidential line), but hoping that the club shall contribute to the reinstatement of the Republican party, "the welfare and the progress of sixty-three millions of people."

The Hon. William R. Morrison has written a Democratic politician of Tuscola, Ill., that he is a candidate for the nomination for Vice President, unless Indiana, whose wishes he thinks should be first considered, presents a man.

FOREIGN ITEMS.

The financial crisis at St. Petersburg is attributed by Russian journals to an organized raid by Berlin operators.

The Dublin Express says there are internal discussions in the Parnellite ranks that threaten to injure the National League.

French artists have declined to exhibit at the Munich art exposition.

Lth CONGRESS.

SENATE.—Among the petitions and memorials presented and referred in the Senate on the 23d were the following: For removal of duty on salt; to abolish the Army of the Philippines; to amend the laws relating to foreign languages free of duty, and for the abrogation of all treaties with China so far as they permit Chinese immigration.

SENATE.—Among the bills introduced and referred on March 23d was one by Mr. Palmer (revenue) to grade the relations between the United States and China, and to provide for the abrogation of all treaties with China so far as they permit Chinese immigration.

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(Mr. Cox) called the gentleman from Illinois (Mr. Sprague) to the floor, with which cause some laughter and applause.

SENATE.—The Senate on the 23d resumed consideration of the bill to incorporate the Maritime Commerce Company, of Nicaragua. The several amendments reported by the Committee on Foreign Relations were agreed to. Mr. Edmunds offered an amendment declaring that the bill should be deemed or construed to restrict or impair in any way any right of the United States under any treaty in force with the Republic of Nicaragua.

HOUSE.—In the House the following bills and resolutions were introduced and referred on the 23d by Mr. Bayne, of Pennsylvania.—A resolution reciting the allegation that the Commission on Indian Affairs has forbidden missionaries from teaching the sacred scriptures in the native language of the Indians in any school supported in part by the United States, and calling on the Secretary of the Interior for information as to the authority of law under which this order was issued.

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THE BIG STRIKE.

All the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Engineers and Firemen Out.

The Company Refuse to Yield and the Men Go Out at the Appointed Time.

What promises to be the most remarkable strike ever known in this country began at 4 o'clock Monday morning. The strongest labor organization in existence has opened war against the largest body of the greatest in millage and wealth in this country. The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers has ordered its men to quit working for the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy railroad company.

The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers numbers about 25,000 members—the total number of engineers in the country being in the neighborhood of 30,000. At the head of the brotherhood is the greatest labor organizer and manager in America, P. M. Arthur. In April the brotherhood will be twenty-five years old. From twelve members it has grown to 25,000. In eleven years this is the first strike Mr. Arthur has been unable to settle. The elevated-railroad strike was not under his direction and was inaugurated in defiance of the rules of the order.

Between the two strikes, however, it was always peaceful. Chief Arthur has the respect and admiration of every law-abiding citizen in the land because of his wise and prudent management of the difficulties that have arisen from time to time between his railroad companies. The order is the richest in this country and best able to maintain a long struggle.

The Chicago, Burlington & Quincy railroad covers the territory of an empire. Its 6,000 miles of main and leased lines gridiron the States of Illinois, Iowa, Missouri, and Nebraska. From Chicago it reaches Denver, Col., over 1,000 miles away, and Cheyenne, W. T., equally as far. Minneapolis to the north and St. Louis to the south are within its reach. It is one of the best managed and equipped roads in the country and one of the wealthiest.

Perhaps the most remarkable element of the strike is its peaceful character. The management of the brotherhoods—for the firemen are also in the strike—are the coolest men in Chicago. The firemen are nearly as strong as the engineers and are virtually controlled by the latter. If the road can get the men to run its trains, neither Mr. Arthur, nor Mr. Surge, grand master of the firemen, will lift a hand.

The notice sent out to the police stations to look out for riots was as idle as it was silly. The strike will be one of "hands off" on the one side and a determined effort to fill the strikers' places with new men on the other. The firemen, however, are not so easily won over. E. H. Hoge, chairman of the grievance committee of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers on the Burlington system, and J. H. Murphy, chairman of the grievance committee of the firemen, called on General Manager Stone at the company's offices and gave him verbal notice that unless their demands were acquiesced in the men would strike at 4 o'clock Monday morning.

Mr. Stone heard them through and asked if that was their ultimatum. They said it was. They told him that they, with Chief Arthur, had been in the morning at the Grand Pacific hotel until 4 o'clock in the morning if he desired to communicate with them. The interview was over and the committee retired.

The differences between the engineers and the road have been under discussion for some time. The engineers demand that all be paid the same wages. The company at present classifies its men and grades their wages. First-year men, those just promoted from firemen, receive certain wages, estimated on the miles run, and second-year men a higher price per mile. Pull engineers' wages are not paid until the third year. The engineers claim that the Burlington road pays less than many third-class roads. All the roads centering in Chicago, except the Burlington pay their engineers according to the brotherhood schedule.

The grievance committee of which Mr. Hoge of McCook, Neb., is chairman, is composed of members of the local divisions of the order in the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy system. It is a standing committee, and has had entire charge of the negotiations with Mr. Stone. These failing, Chief Arthur stepped in and he attempted an adjustment of the difficulty. He also failed.

The committee agreed that the strike should begin at 4 o'clock in the morning on Feb. 27. At that hour most of the engineers will be at the end of their runs and fewest will be in motion. All the local divisions, and through them every member of the order employed on the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy system, have been ordered not to go to work this morning unless notified by the chairman of the grievance committee to report for duty. The firemen holding positions dependent on those of the engineers have acted with the latter in everything. They are stamined in such a manner that the strike of the one necessitates the strike of the other. Trains leaving before 4 o'clock in the morning were run to the end of their divisions and stopped.

Every man in the company could manage an engine was ordered to be ready to go out with one. Applicants for jobs as engineers got them in a hurry. Early in the evening the officers of the road said they had enough men to run three trains each way. The company has been running twenty-six such trains daily.

The strike involves the places of about two thousand men. The engineers who are members of the brotherhood number about eight hundred, the firemen nine hundred. The difference in numbers is apparent, not real. Many firemen recently promoted to engineers have severed their relations with the firemen's brotherhood. Nearly three hundred firemen and engineers belong to neither organization, being ineligible by reason of time of service, but these men are said to be as anxious to promote the strike as the members of the two orders.

Some of the roundhouses are located at Aurora, and Galesburg, Ill.; Ottumwa, Burlington and Creston, Iowa, and Lincoln, Omaha, and McCook, Nebraska. These cities are at the ends of working divisions of the road. Into the roundhouses the abandoned engines will be run. At these points, a dispatch from the company will go to wait on the new men and offer them better wages to do nothing than to accept the company's terms. The policy of the strikers will be to appeal to the applicants for work against the company, and failing in that, to attack the selfish side of new men by offering them higher wages than the company will give.

COLLAPSED WITH A CRASH.

The New Midland Hotel at Kansas City, Week-ended at a Falling Roof. A dispatch from Kansas City, Mo., says: At noon Wednesday a portion of the roof of the nearly completed Midland Hotel, at the corner of Seventh and Walnut streets and Grand avenue, collapsed and fell with a crash like a peal of thunder, and a tremendous mass of derelict, mortar, iron pillars and other debris fell to the ground floor, eight stories below. About sixty men were at work in the building at the time scattered throughout the various stories, and it was feared for several hours that a large number of them had lost their lives. A gang of workmen immediately set to work searching for the body of Frank Edison, a young carpenter, who was the only man killed. Of the dozen men injured only one, Jack O'Brien, a Chicago plumber, is in a dangerous condition; the

injuries of the remaining victims being confined to bruises and sprains.

The hotel

COULD YOU?

Lady with the shining hair,
Holding all the charms and graces,
Stately, kind, and passing fair,
Could you wash the children's faces?

When the rosy morning bright
Paints with gold each roof and spire,
Banishing the shades of night,
Could you start the kitchen fire?

O'er the fields with the I wonder,
Summer's glory overhead;
Chummed, I all thy virtues ponder—
But could—ah, could you make good bread?

Eyes so deeply, truly tender,
Clear as water in a pool,
Answer my heart's importuning—
Have you been to cooking school?

—Heien M. Winslow in Life.

BEYOND REACH.

BY J. E.

CHAPTER IV.—CONTINUED.

"Wait till you see, and then give your opinion," she answered with a gay laugh.

"I am sure it will."

"How can you be sure? It may look odious."

"Nothing could look that on you."

"Pooh! Jack, don't pay me compliments; you will make me vain!" and she made a tempting little mouse that made poor Bingham think—

A man would give all other bliss,
And all his worldly power for this,
To waste his whole soul in one kiss,
Upon her perfect lips.

"You will wear my flowers to-night," he pleaded, as they reached Hadlow home-park and stood to say adieu.

"Your flowers?" she asked interrogatively.

"These?" he said, touching the violets and primroses.

"Do you call those yours?" merrily.

"Yes I gathered most of them. But what I mean is, you won't wear any sent you by some other fellow."

"No."

"No matter who he may be?" All his love and his jealousy spoke in those words.

"No."

"Thanks, Dolly. These are more suitable for you than hot-house flowers."

"Do you think so?"

"Yes."

"Why?" with an inquiringly innocent glance at him.

"Oh, because you are young, and innocent, and fresh, and modest, and these violets are emblematic of all that."

"Jack, you will make me vain," with a little pleased thrill of musical laughter at his flattery.

"I hope not, Dorothy," he said gravely.

"Do you?"

"Yes. You haven't an atom of vanity about you now, and that is what I like."

"Then why do you try to destroy what you like?" she demanded naively, with another look from the clear eyes.

"I hardly know," he returned with an embarrassed laugh. "Why do we do all sorts of things that we ought not to, and why do we act in such a way that we bring about our own misfortunes, wreck our own lives, rob them of all sunshine, all joy, leave them barren, blank wastes, with never a ray of joy to lighten them, nor a hope to make them endurable?"

"Jack, what is the matter with you?" she queried in amazement; his tone was so bitter, his looks so despondent and sad.

"I can't tell," he rejoined, trying to speak lightly. "I am a little blue, I suppose, or perhaps," with a jeering laugh, that struck discordantly on his companion's ear, "the wind is in the east, and then, you know, it is 'neither good for man nor beast,' and no one can be expected to be cheerful or responsible for the vagaries of his temper or liver."

"I don't think it is in the east," she said half doubtfully, looking up at the bright blue sky flecked here and there with fleecy silver clouds, and at the golden sunbeam that danced and quivered through the air, and flecked the emerald sward with golden patches.

"Well, make up your mind by to-night as to which quarter it is in, and tell me then, and don't forget to wear my flowers; and then with lingering pressure of the hand he left her.

Dancing had commenced that night when the Bingham arrived at Hadlow.

The great entrance hall was the scene of action, and figures in armor and frowning family portraits looked down on the gay scene.

Dorothy was standing by Lady Lovatt in her muslin gown, with its trimming of woodland blooms, a flush on her fair cheek, a glad light in her eyes. She looked dangerously beautiful, and Bingham, without a moment's hesitation, went straight across to her.

"How many may I have?" he whispered.

"As many as you like," she answered in the same tone, giving him her programme.

Eagerly he scanned it, and finding Lord Yarra's name down for only three, he pretty well filled up the blanks with his own, leaving only one or two vacant.

"This is mine," he said, offering her his arm as the band commenced playing again—a waltz.

"Yes," she acquiesced with a happy smile, placing the tips of her little white-gloved fingers on his arm, and away they went whirling into the midst of the crowd, the best pair of dancers in the room.

"That was delightful!" she smiled when it came to an end.

"Yes; wasn't it?" agreed her companion; "and the next is ours."

And it was, and the other after that too, and then Bingham, not seeing the earl, asked where he was.

"I don't know," answered Miss Hadlow indifferently. "He was dancing Lady Fitzedeline. I suppose he has taken her to some other room."

As she spoke Lord Yarra entered the hall, and leaning on his arm was a very fast and fashionable-looking woman, dressed to perfection; yet the perfection of her toilet was powerless to entirely hide the plainness of her opaque white face, with its frame of red hair, and additions that nature never intended it to have.

The earl did not look over well pleased, and when he had left his companion in an easy chair near Lady Lovatt, he came over to his fiancée with something of a frown on his brow.

"I have cancelled all my engagements to-night, Dorothy," he said in his usual authoritative way, "so I should wish you to dance only with

me for the rest of the evening, and to make excuses to any gentleman you have promised to dance with."

"Yes, Tarrence," she said meekly.

"Will you excuse my keeping my engagements with you?" she asked, turning to Bingham.

"Certainly," responded Jack with a low and ceremonious bow, but his heart sank like lead as the girl took the arm of her future husband and moved away by his side.

Jack Bingham was a good dancer, tall and strong, yet light, and able to guide in a marvellous way, so he had no lack of introductions and partners; but the whole thing was a farce to him, and his partners found him inattentive and absent.

He was occupied watching the earl with his cruel face bent over Miss Hadlow. It was a face of a merciless type. The mouth was hard, and looked well qualified to utter bitter cutting things, and the eyes were stern and cold, and the chin square and heavy.

Jack couldn't wrench his eyes away from the two heads in such close proximity to each other, and every time Lord Yarra's moustached lips stole close to his fair companion's ear he winced and turned pale, pressing his foot heavily against the floor as though trying to crush down his aching rebellious heart under an angry heel.

It was an awful struggle for him to control himself, and he was rather the worse for the conflict next morning, looking deathly pale, with great purple marks like bruises under his haggard eyes.

"Jack, I wish you would be sensible and go away," said his sister, looking at him with pitying eyes.

"I can't," he answered hoarsely, shaking his head. "I think it would be greater pain to go than to stay."

"You are wrong, and you will find out that you are so."

And he did. For a fortnight he endured unexpressed anguish, seeing the earl, who seemed to have quarrelled with Lady Fitz, pay Dorothy marked and devoted attention, showing to all the world that she was soon to be his nearest and dearest. And then the trial became too bitter for him—too hard to bear, and he arrived at the conclusion that his sister's advice was good, and ought to be acted on.

So when the willows were putting on their dress of delicate gauzy green, the chestnuts getting burdened with broad leaves and buds, the meadows filling fast with cowslips, cuckoo flowers and buttercups, the lark and blackbird beginning to sing, and the white-thorn to blossom, Jack went up to London, feeling that spring, with its sweet perfume of violets, its balmy winds, its sunny days, its general regeneration of nature and torpid life, was a mockery to him, and that it was awaking within him old sentiments, old longings, old vain hopes, and that he would go mad if he remained in the country and saw the woman he loved so well marry another man.

CHAPTER V.

And if for ever
Still for ever faithful well!

"Do you think Jack will be away long?" Miss Hadlow had asked his sister a few days after his departure.

"Not very long, I think," Miss Bingham replied evasively, lacking courage to tell the girl who looked at her with such wistful longing in her eyes that he had gone away to avoid her.

"I wish he could have remained here now. I shall see so little of him after I am married. Lord Yarra intends to reside the greater part of the year in Paris."

"Oh, indeed! And then Blanche, feeling a great pity for the girl who so unconsciously was going into a terrible lifelong bondage, said consolingly: 'I dare say he will be back before the spring is over.'

But spring waned, and summer with its wealth of lovely roses, its short, sunny nights, and radiant sunlight days came and August was fast merging into September ere Jack returned to the picturesque vicarage.

"Do you know she isn't married yet?" ventured Miss Bingham the following morning from behind her stronghold of the great silver coffee urn, as she sat *tete-a-tete* at breakfast with her brother.

"Yes, I know," replied the young man shortly.

He bent his head as he spoke over his coffee cup, but his sister noticed his lips quiver and his color change under all his healthy sunburn.

"Why didn't it take place?" he asked after awhile.

"Some whim of Lord Yarra's. He fancied the palace of an Italian duke, and could think of nothing—do nothing until it came his."

"Did Dorothy object to the postponement of her wedding day?"

"No; on the contrary, I think she was very glad."

"Here she comes!" added Miss Bingham, as a shaggy Shetland pony clattered up to the door, and the subject of their conversation sprang off his back.

"Will you see her?"

"Of course." And a moment later the girl he idolized entered the room.

"Good morning Blanche. I am early to-day; but I have come to tell you we go—Oh, Jack—Jack, is it you?" she cried, catching sight of him, and running forward with outstretched hands.

"Yes, it is I," he replied, taking the little hands that trembled somewhat in his, and looking down at her fair upraised face, and into the clear depths of her innocent eyes.

"I did not know you were here."

"I only returned last night."

"And you are going to stay now?"

"You won't go away to Norway or Vienna, or any of those faraway places again, will you?"

"There was a ring of wistful entreaty in her voice, and Jack Bingham pressed the hands he held, and murmured tenderly:

"No, I won't go away; I will stay."

"I am so glad!" sighed Dolly delightedly.

And Blanche, as she stood by the open window and gazed out over the beech-studded lands, felt that fate had been cruel indeed to those two who loved each other. The one consciously, with all the pain, and passion, and regret that love brings in its train; the other so unconsciously, but none the less well, and with none the less certainty of enduring the same hopeless pain and regret before Old Time turned his mighty glass once again, and another year sped by.

TO BE CONTINUED.

FACTS FOR FARMERS.

FEEDING TURNIPS.

There is no use saving the common turnip for late feeding. Soon after January it becomes pithy, loses its flavor and feeding value. The rutabaga is a better keeper, but it also becomes pithy later in the winter. Beets and mangels are much better feed for cows late in the season, and have the advantage that they give no bad flavor to the milk.

SAVING COAL ASHES.

Although analysis shows little manurial value in coal ashes, they are undoubtedly beneficial as a mulch for trees, keeping the soil open and allowing rain to soak into the soil without pushing the surface. They are also good absorbents of odors, and in the henhouse or privy, mixed with their contents, they make these valuable manures more convenient to handle.

FRUIT PROSPECTS.

The widely extended cold weather this winter has severely tested the hardiness of all fruit trees exposed to it. At the West the extremely low temperatures have probably destroyed this year's crop, even if the tree survives. It is quite likely that the present season's experience will convince many in the far Northwest that they must depend upon other localities for all except a few of the hardest fruits.

WINTER MADE BUTTER.

Since the adoption of the creamery system buyers are more careful to get butter freshly made. By the old dairy process June-made butter could be kept the year through, and be better in winter than that made then; but this is little done now. Somehow nearly all the best butter makers now use the creamery process of setting milk, and the poorly made butter never would keep, anyway. With corn meal, roots and ensilage corn fodder butter may be made in winter of nearly as good quality, though not quite so well-colored naturally as that made on grass in spring and early summer.

REPAIRING FARM BUILDINGS.

A farmer who is handy with tools can do much valuable work at repairing during mild weather in winter. On too many farms the little repairs are neglected until it becomes necessary to expend nearly as much as new buildings, fences and implements would cost. A good kit of tools with paints and brushes will enable many a farmer to keep his premises in repair, and thus add more than the cost to the market value of his property. If the farm buildings and fences are kept in repair, it is generally taken as an indication that the farm is well managed in every other respect.

STONE SLEDS FOR WINTER WORK.

The common stone boat is too cumbersome for work in the snow when it lies deeply in woods and fields. What is wanted for winter use in the woods is a strongly made sled, with its runners formed from heavy oak or maple plank, and sitting a foot high from the ground. If properly sledged such a sled will be very strong and durable, saving many times its cost before being worn out. Many prefer such a sled for rough work in drawing stones at any season of the year. They are much easier to load than wagons, and easier to haul than the common stone boat lying flat on the ground.

VARIATION IN ENSILAGE.

It is too much the fashion to regard ensilage products, if of the same food, as identical in quality. But every one knows that corn fodder, which is most used for ensilaging, varies greatly. That grown thickly in rows, as it generally is for the silo, makes thin, white and unwholesome stalks. There is no gain to this kind of feed by putting it on the silo. Unless the lacking nutrition is supplied, cows will grow thin on it, just as they will on watery grass at pasture in May. The succulence of ensilage makes it excellent as a basis for increasing the milk yield in winter. Large corn stalks, that have borne ears, contain a great deal more nutrition than the same bulk of ensilage put up as it is commonly grown.

ADAPTING BREEDS TO LOCALITIES.

There are natural limitations in breeding for different purposes, and the breeders used to know what these are. Among cattle the beef-producing varieties will always be found most abundant, and best developed where corn is largely grown. The best cows will be bred where good grass and plenty of water abound. The small early maturing breeds of pigs are not so well adapted to the West and South as the larger boned and harder Jersey Red and Poland China. Doubtless there are some places where poultry is best that gives the best returns from selling young fowls for broilers, while in others capacity to produce most eggs in winter is the main point to be considered.

EARLY VARIETIES OF CORN.

Through a large part of the country corn is from untimely cutting off by frosts often than from any other cause. It pays farmers who have had this experience to get the earliest variety that they know of, and by yearly selections of the earliest ripened ears maintain this characteristic. The old King Philip corn always ripens, and though its ears are small, it is one of the varieties that will yield half its bulk of ears in shelled corn, and sometimes even more. For those who like a Dent corn that will ripen in ninety to 100 days, Silbey's Pride of the North variety may be safely recommended. It needs rich soil to make it ripen early. On poor land the corn, after getting its growth, matures slowly.

SHELLING CORN.

It is no small job shelling 200 or 300 bushels of corn, whatever method is adopted. Perhaps for economy in labor and ease the old way of tramping it out by horses is as good for large lots as any. The hand shellers require two men to work them to any advantage, one to turn and the other to place the ears. One hundred bushels a day is a pretty good work, and no time must be lost at these short days.

Still a hand sheller saves a good deal over the slower process of shelling with the mangle hand. In shelling corn for poultry it is better to shell and feed one ear at a time, giving the fowls a chance to eat more slowly, but this can be managed by feeding slowly, even though the corn is all shelled before the shelling begins.

SELLING HAY AND STRAW.

In many places this year the hay crop was shortened by drought. Almost everywhere hay is selling at fair prices, on account of the deficient corn and oat crop. Whether a farmer shall sell hay or not cannot be decided without reference to his circumstances. Many farmers condemn all selling of hay or straw as sure ways to exhaust the farm. But in many places this year they bring much more than their small manurial value, especially for the straw, and they are not proportionably so cheap for feeding as grain or oil meal. To sell some straw and invest the money in richer feed may often be good policy. Every farmer must determine this for himself on the relative values of the feed, and not by a prejudiced view of making a large bulk of poor quality manure.

SPREADING MANURE ON SNOW.

Winter is a good time to haul manure, providing it is not so scattered in the barnyard as to be frozen in. The large heaps, especially of horse manure, need frequent handling to prevent the manure from freezing. Many, however, are doubtful about the prosperity of spreading manure on snow. If the ground is unfrozen beneath it, and the land not subject to overflow, there is little loss. We remember once spreading manure on the upper part of a pretty steep hill-side in March. The ground was covered with snow at the time, and we then supposed that considerable of its strength would be washed down the hill, and therefore did not manure the lower part. It was really surprising to see by the growth in the subsequent crop that the effect of the manure did not go ten feet below the line where the manure was applied. The spring was a wet one, but all the water-soaked manure was absorbed by the soil directly under it.

MANURING THE BEAN CROP.

Beans are bringing a pretty good price this year, mainly because of last season's drought, which lessened the potato crop and thus left an increase demand for them. For some reason this crop has not paid very well for several years, and this, as is usually the case, has discouraged production. The price has been low and the yield small, especially in places where beans have long been grown. Farmers have learned that the old idea that beans do best on poor soil is not the correct one. They do not require a large amount of carbonaceous nitrogenous manures, as these tend to produce too great a growth of straw with brittle grain. But no crop is more benefited by phosphate than beans, and if this is applied with a moderate dressing of stable manure, a good crop will be pretty certain. Beans can be planted after all other spring grain crops are got in the ground, and can thus utilize land that would otherwise be left uncropped. Beans can also be planted in vacant places in corn, potatoes or other hoed crops.—*American Cultivator.*

A Texas Longtellow.

They unplugged the Kegoboujaice That was plugged with Cobocornus, With the prohibition statute, With the little paper ballot, Far down in the realm of Georgia, In the land of Monsieur Grady, In the hunting-ground of Colquitt. Then they rolled the plugside downside, Rolled the bungside upside downside, Turned the jugside inside outside, Turned the wetside from the inside To the inside that was outside, And drank deep the tribe of Antis, Drank the dark-blue Africanus, Drank the blue-eyed, red-nosed Paleface, Drank the hordes of Ignoramus Till they turned their inside outside, Till they felt their inside outside, Till their wife and little child sighed, That's why they op'd the Kegoboujaice, Why they rolled the plugside downside, Rolled the bungside upside downside, Turned the jugside inside outside, Turned the wetside from the inside, To the inside that was outside, Why they turned their inside outside, Why their wife and little child sighed, Far down in the realm of Georgia, In the land of Monsieur Grady, In the hunting-ground of Colquitt, For the curse they couldn't all quit. —*El Lazo Herald.*

An Indian Orator.

The Cour d'Aleone Indians are said to be the best behaved in our territories. The Indian commissioners who visited them to treat for a part of their reservation for the Spokanes say they have among them a high degree of civilization. Their chief, Sellice, made a speech which recalls that of the Indian chief Logan, once so common in the school-books of the country. He said:

We understand that the paper which we signed is to go to Washington to be seen by the president and the great council. I know your hearts with regard to it, and they are good. However you fix it, it will be right; but I plead with you, I implore you, I call on the Great Father, who will hear me, preserve for us and our children forever this reservation, where are our schools, our churches, our homes, our graves, our hearts. The government has now thought of our claims for our lost land, and they have sent you to us. Of this we are glad, but neither money nor land outside do we value compared with this reservation. Make the paper strong; make it so strong that we and all Indians living on it shall have it forever. We also wish you to make our schools and our churches so strong that they will be here forever for our children, when we have passed away from the world and gone to the Great Father above.

The Crushed Parent.

"What do you call your new baby, Jones?" "Well, to tell the truth, the nurse hasn't let me have a hand in the game since it was born, so I haven't called it at all."—*Omaha Republican.*

Uncle Sam's Tea Party.

The one hundredth anniversary of the adoption of our Constitution occurs in the Spring of 1889. Senator Hoar of this State has introduced a bill to provide for its appropriate celebration. It proposes that the fifteen sister republics on this continent be invited to celebrate with us. The list is quite a long one of countries which have modified their governments after our own, and have gone to housekeeping with more or less success. It includes Mexico, Guatemala, Nicaragua, Costa Rica, Salvador, Honduras, the United States of Colombia, Venezuela, Bolivia, Peru, Chili, Uruguay, Paraguay, Ecuador and the Argentine Republic. The idea of such a celebration is the best that any congressman has proposed at this session. It is really that Uncle Sam make a tea party on his hundredth birthday. Possibly our senator evolved this idea while at home during the holidays, and if so, we are glad Congress took its customary recess.

But the bills needs some amendment. The countries named should certainly be invited, as they are near neighbors and relations-in-law if not by blood. Why should Uncle Sam when making a party pass by his own kin in the flesh, by which we mean not merely England, Ireland, Scotland, France and Germany, but all of Europe, a large part of Africa, and also Asia and Australia. Canada, also, on our northern borders, should not be forgotten. Some of these are already republics, and Uncle Sam, as he looks over the list, has a suspicion that all are going to be. At any rate, they are all related to us, and it will never do in making a party for this nation to pass by its blood kin merely because they are poor. If Senator Hoar will read the sixteenth chapter of Luke he will find some excellent advice to those intending to make a feast. According to this our Government should give an especially strong invitation to Africa, a continent that yet sits in darkness, but which has furnished a very considerable proportion of our population.

In truth, however, no body anywhere should be omitted. Our centennial tea party will lose a large part of its rightful significance if it is not made cosmopolitan. We are at peace with all the world and mean no harm, even to those who have wronged us. On one ground or another we are related to nearly everybody. Brazil is an American empire, but Don Pedro is an enlightened monarch, whose statesmanship in abolishing slavery in his dominions makes him seem like one of our own brothers. Russia is an out and out despotism; but the father of the present Czar was a good friend of ours in the civil war. Besides, he also abolished serfdom in the Russian Empire, and his good deed will cover, as we fear it has need, a multitude of sins. By all means invite the Czar. He, of all others, is likely here to learn something to his advantage. He will be safer here than in any part of his vast dominions. It will probably be a novel and agreeable change for him to be able to attend a party where he will not be in danger of being blown up. If the Czar is living when our centennial is held, by all means let him be invited. Our experience may well give him some new ideas as to how a people should be governed.

France is a republic, and as the newest addition to this family of States, is entitled to the position of greatest honor. But long before the spring of 1889 we may hope that Great Britain will have adopted so much of our federal system as to concede home rule to Ireland. In that case Gladstone, if then living, will be the chief of hero among our invited guests. Senor Castelar, of Spain, should be here to fitly represent the enlightened public policy of the country, which nearly four hundred years ago opened this continent to the world's enterprise. Spain, though not now a republic, is pretty closely related to all other popular governments on this continent who are also our relatives at law. She was at one time a pretty harsh ruler of her children, but they have now nearly all broken loose and set up governments for themselves. When so many Spanish-Americans will be invited to sup with us, Mother Spain herself must be asked to come also.

Senator Hoar's bill provides for appointing nine commissioners, three each by the President, president of the Senate and the speaker of Congress. They are to have the right to make necessary arrangements and issue the invitations. Three hundred thousand dollars are to be appropriated to defray expenses. This is not too much for Uncle Sam to spend once in a hundred years in entertaining his friends, and it will be enough, if properly used, to make the entertainment on the broader scale that we have indicated. Nothing could be worse for Uncle Sam's good name than to go on a bender or spree on his hundredth birthday. Some of our celebrations, and even the obsequies of eminent public men, have been marred by too much conviviality. Let it be understood beforehand that this is only a quiet tea party, and we hasten to forestall some ribald jester by insisting that "cold tea" shall not be served.—*American Cultivator.*

Needed Them.

During a revival at Calico Rock meeting house, an old fellow whom no one had before seen at church, came forward and knelt down at the mourners' bench. He seemed to be so much in earnest that he soon attracted the attention of the leading exhorters. The exhorter finds his highest enjoyment in working with a mourner who has crossed the frontier line of despair.

"We are glad to see you here," said an exhorter, as he got down beside the earnest mourner. "You have come to the right place to seek comfort."

"So I've heard," the earnest mourner answered, in blubbering accents.

"Do you feel that you have only one course to pursue, my dying friend?"

"Yes, an' I have tuck this as the last chance."

"When did you fall under conviction?"

"I wa'n't convicted a tall. They tuck me up an' snatched me befo' the gover'ment jedge, but arter hearin' uv the case the jury 'lowed that mabbe I didn't make whisky."

"You don't understand me. When did you first feel that you were lost?"

"When I got down in the bottoms an' couldn't find the way out. Stayed there two days an' the best part uv another one, but we got the coon all the same, an' had a fight that done us all a power uv good."

"My friend, my deluded friend, I may say, when did you feel that you must pray?"

"Night afore last wife 'lowed that, ez it couldn't do no harm, it mout do a power uv good."

"Your wife, then, wants you to lead a better life?"

"Didn't say nothin' about that. I live the sort uv life that suits her, I reckon. I git her a caliker coat ever' spring, a pa'r uv shoes ever' fall, an' divide my terbacker with her. Don't see whut mo' she could ax fur, an' don't see why she should want me to change my life."

"But you say that your wife thought that it would be better for you to pray?"

"Yas. You see, our steers got away from us two weeks ago, an' ez we have hunted an' s'arched, an' kain't find 'em, wife she 'lowed that mabbe pra'r would fetch 'em."

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," said the disappointed exhorter.

"Why, jis' becaze I want them steers? You folks pray fur rain, don't you? Why? Caze you need it. Well, I'm prayin' fur them steers, becaze I need 'em. Oh! if you don't want to talk to me, all right," and, placing his head on the bench, he said: "Oh, Lawd, Thy servant would like powerful well to have them steers, fur he is a needin' 'em to haul some apples to the still-house."—*Arkansas Traveler.*

The Skater.

The sheen and the sound are silver,
The sheen and the sound of her skate,
And spangle the ice that is mirror
Of her foot and its fond little mate.
The thrill of the wind in her tresses
Is like sigh of the sea in a shell,
And a faint, faultless music impresses
The delight of her coming to tell.

The wings of a bird are about her,
The flight of a bird and its grace,
And two purest blue birds are flying
By me in the realm of her face.
The spirit of summer, the gerdon
She bestows with the breath of her mouth,
As the bloom of the beautiful woodbine
Brings fragrance and hints of the South.
The prints of her skates on the reaches
Have faded in sunshine away—
The prints of her skates on my fancy
Are carved more surely than they;
And since with no smile she will melt them,
They demand as a tribute of me
A sigh for the faintest of skaters,
And a song for a sweet memory.
—*John Patterson.*

Advice to a Young Man.

And then, remember, you have to work. Whether you handle a pick or pen, a wheelbarrow or a set of books, digging ditches or editing a paper, rigging an auction bell or writing funny things, you must work. If you look around you, you will see that the men who are most able to live the rest of their days without work are the men that work the hardest.

Don't be afraid of killing yourself with work. It is beyond your power to do that. Men cannot work so hard as that on the sunny side of thirty. They die sometimes, but it's because they quit work at 6 P. M. and don't go home until 2 A. M. It's the interval that kills. Work gives an appetite for meals; it lends solidity to your slumbers; it gives the appreciation of a holiday.

There are young men that do not work, but the world is not proud of them. It does not even know their names; it simply speaks of them as old So-and-So's boys. Nobody likes them, nobody hates them; the great, busy world doesn't even know that they are there. So find out what you want to be and do, take off your coat and make a dust in the world. The busier you are the less deviltry you will be apt to get into, the sweeter will be your sleep, the brighter and happier your holidays, and the better satisfied will the world be with you.—*Hawkeye.*

A Cyclone from Texas.

A big six-foot four-inch fellow arrived in the city on the train from Atlanta last Sunday evening and went into one of our hotels like a cyclone from the Arabian desert. He said he was a member of the famous Jesse James gang, and wrote "Texas" all over the hotel register. He everted around for a time and finally made his way to his room, where he blew out the gas and got in bed. The hall boy detected the smell of escaping gas, some time afterwards and upon making an investigation he found that it proceeded from the room of Mr. Jesse James's supporter. The room was entered and the noble Texan was found insensible and just about ready to hand in his checks. By hard work his life was saved, and when he left town his feathers were drooping like those of a sick chicken.—*Charlotte (N. C.) Chronicle.*

Rank in Southern Colored Families.

Two negro boys were disputing yesterday, when one of them said to the other: "You an't got no manners, now." "Manners," responded the other. "You knows a heap about manners, don't you? Why, yo' daddy was a ole Alabama nigger, he picked yo' mammy up when they was refugeein' here durin' the war. My mammy an' my daddy come from ol' Virginy, and never was in deir lives. De ol' master wouldn't take fo' thousan' dollars fur 'em one time. You talk to me about manners! Shucks!" And he turned and went away in disgust.—*Nashville American.*

DOMESTIC HINTS.

WHITE FRUIT CAKE.

Two cups of white sugar beaten to a cream with one cup of butter, one cup of milk, 2½ cups of flour, whites of seven eggs, two teaspoons of baking powder. When all has been thoroughly mixed, add one pound each of sliced citron, raisins, blanched almonds and figs.

SPICE CAKE.

One and one-half cups of sugar, two-thirds of a cup of butter, one cup of seeded raisins, two-thirds of a cup of sweet milk, three cups of flour, two eggs, one heaping teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one-half even teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one-half even teaspoonful of soda, cinnamon, nutmeg, cloves to taste.

RICE FRITTERS.

Boil the rice till perfectly done, in water, then put in one-half pint of sweet milk, and salt to flavor, beat flour in milk till stiff enough to drop from spoon; have lard hot and drop this in, a spoonful at a time, frying till well browned.

GINGER POUND CAKE.

Three cups of flour, one cup of molasses, one cup of buttermilk, one-half cup of sugar, one-half cup of butter, two teaspoonfuls of saleratus, two teaspoonfuls of cinnamon, one teaspoonful of ginger and two eggs.

DOUGHNUTS.

One cup of sugar, three cups of flour, a piece of butter the size of an egg, one cup of milk, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of mace. Mix together; roll out and cut in shape. Fry in hot lard.

WAFFLES.

One pint of sweet milk, two eggs, one pint of flour, one-half cup of butter, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one-half teaspoonful of soda, a pinch of salt. Bake in waffle irons well heated.

FRIED EGG PLANT.

Peel the egg plant and cut in slices one-half inch thick, pepper and salt, lay one slice upon the other and let them stand ten or twelve hours, drain off the liquor, dip in flour and fry brown.

NOODLES FOR SOUP.

One egg, a pinch of salt, mix with enough flour to make stiff like pie crust, roll out very thin; let remain one hour before cutting in narrow strips; put in boiling soup and cook fifteen minutes.

CORN MEAL PUDDING.

One cup of corn meal, one cup of flour, one cup of milk, one cup of chopped su

